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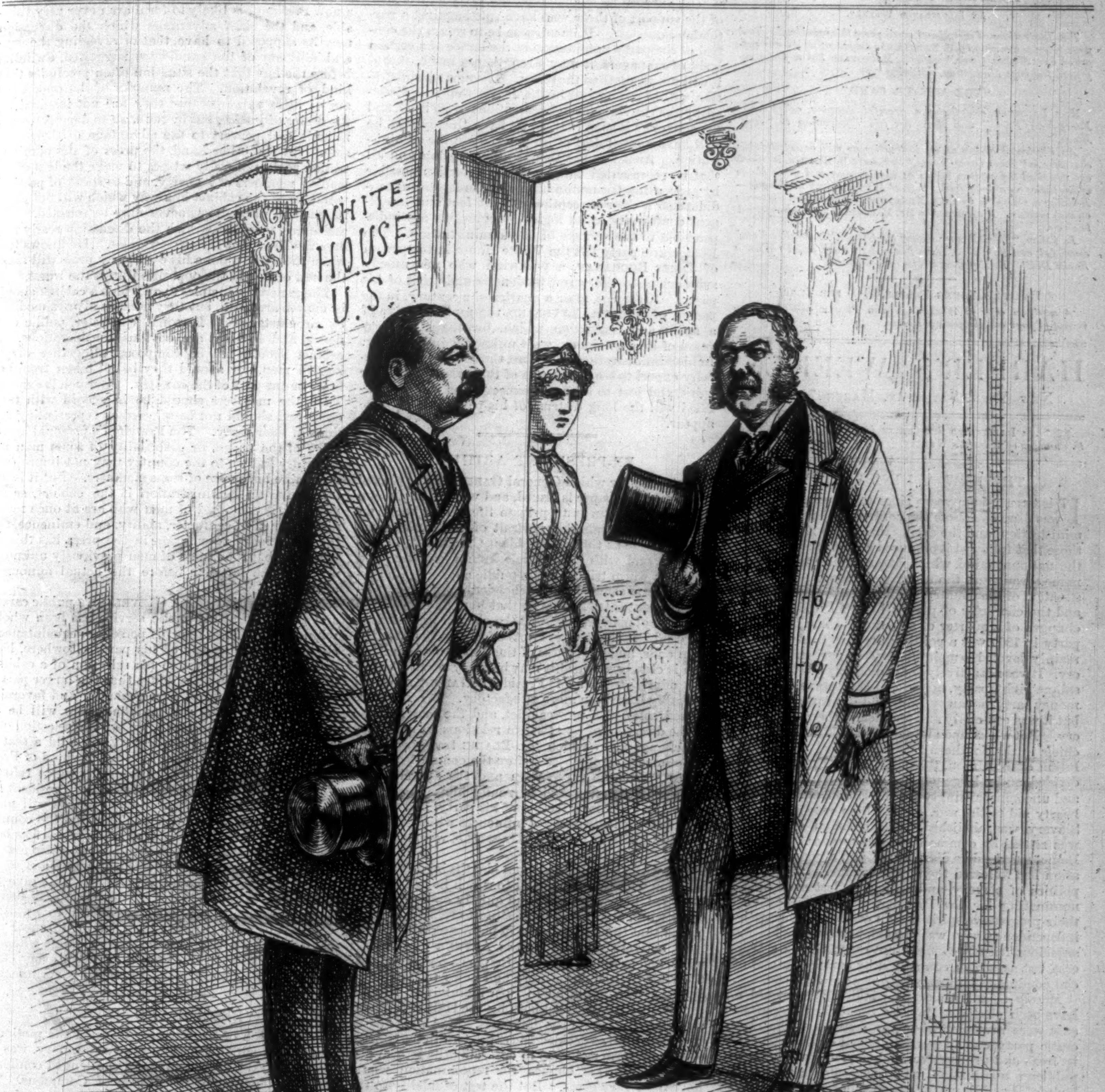

THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON—MARCH 4.

CLEVELAND TO ARTHUR. "I hope that I may leave the house in as good order as you have."

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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

*Two illustrations of exceptional merit grace this number, the front page being a drawing by* P. NEWELL, *the subject of which was suggested by "Mother Goose," while* J. MACDONALD *has a finely engraved full-page illustration, entitled*

"THE WINTER CAMP."

MISS LATHBURY *contributes a graceful drawing, called "The Fancy-dress Party," and there are two illustrations to "Rolf House."*

*An illustrated article of an instructive as well as entertaining character is "Some Queer Traps," by* SOPHIE B. HERRICK, *in which are described the curious habits of insectivorous and other plants which thrive on animal food. "Boys' Winter Sports in Canada—Building a Camp" is by* KIRK MUNROE, *an acknowledged authority on such matters. It accompanies* MR. MACDONALD'S *picture referred to above.*

*In fiction, "Ford Bonner among the Gypsies" is continued and concluded, and* MRS. W. J. HAYS *has a short story, called "What a Snake Did." Both of these stories are illustrated.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1885.

☞ *An* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

## THE NEW ADMINISTRATION.

IT is twenty-four years since the Democratic party was dismissed from the control of the national administration, and the events that led to its defeat and those that followed it produced a profound distrust in the national mind, which has attached to the party name through all the intervening time, although the situation of the country, the actual political questions, and the character of parties have all undergone the changes of a quarter of a century. The Democratic party in 1860 was a political organization which was mainly devoted to maintaining the aggressions of slavery. It was not actively or distinctively a free-trade and sailors' rights party, nor an anti-bank party, nor a hard-money party, nor an anti-internal-improvement party, but it was especially and practically the party of slavery. But when, upon its defeat in 1860, its controlling chiefs in the Southern States combined for the dissolution of the Union, the party in the Free States was divided, and a large portion of it stood unreservedly and uncompromisingly for the Union, and gave their hearty aid to the war. The Union was maintained. Slavery was abolished. The question of secession was settled by common consent forever. The older Democratic leaders disappeared, and a younger generation has followed them, which inherits none of the politics of slavery, and which at last succeeded in nominating for the Presidency a representative of their progressive spirit, a man of proved courage and independence, who was elected, however, as his most sagacious friends concede, not especially as a Democrat, but as a man committed by conviction and official conduct to honest government and reform.

Merely as a Democratic candidate he would not have been elected. But at a time when no party issues were involved, when the distrust of the Democratic party was somewhat allayed by the victory of its fresh and progressive tendency, and when the Republican nomination was unacceptable to a great body of Republicans for reasons that made its support impossible, the election of Mr. **CLEVELAND** became practicable when that of no other Democrat would have been feasible. Under these circumstances he is inaugurated. His party controls the executive department, and by a reduced majority the House of Representatives. But neither party during the campaign presented a general policy upon which the voters were divided as Republicans or Democrats, nor was the election a declaration in favor of any such specific policy or scheme of measures designed to carry it into effect. The Democratic platform was designed to make no decisive particular declarations. Both parties made a guarded pledge to correct the inequalities of the tariff, with due regard to American labor and to vested interests. But both avoided definite declarations upon controverted points. The President enters upon his office wholly unpledged, except to the general statements of the platform and to his own declarations of the course which his convictions require. The course of the administration, therefore, will be watched with the utmost interest. An administration conducted in the spirit and upon the general views for which Mr. **CLEVELAND** was supported would probably lead to serious changes in the aspects of party. The extent and the character of the Democratic vote which the Republican candidate received, and the Republican and Independent vote which was given to the Democratic candidate, show distinctly the nature of the political situation and the possibilities of the next four years.

The situation is made plainer by the Republican policy of identifying Republicanism with the support of a particular candidate, however and upon whatever grounds objectionable. This is a kind of excommunication which necessarily defeats its own purpose, if that purpose be to commend the party as worthier of the support of those who have voted against a particular candidate. If its purpose be to retain the control of the party nomination in the hands of a certain body of managers, it may strengthen a machine, but it will not strengthen the party. The new administration will be strong just in the degree that it is directed by the convictions and perceptions of its head, and his character is such that, as we have already said, he will have a great deal of influence upon the administration. As it was the Democratic candidate and all that he represented which made his election possible by preventing the nomination of an Independent candidate, so a clear perception of that fact and intelligent conformity to its logical conclusions are indispensable to the success of the administration. The Democratic party left the White House in the person of **JAMES BUCHANAN**, a politician who was utterly subservient to the worst tendencies and spirit of his party. It returns, after a quarter of a century, in the person of **GROVER CLEVELAND**, the representative of a spirit and conviction which, for the last thirty years of its ascendency, were unknown in his party. In his administration, therefore, the country will naturally expect to see the results of that wiser and better spirit, and just so far as its expectations shall be fulfilled will the long distrust of his party begin to disappear.

## EX-PRESIDENT ARTHUR.

THE term for which General **GARFIELD** was elected expires as this paper is issued, and with its expiration Mr. **ARTHUR** returns to private life. Last week we published an admirable portrait of him in the same general style as that of President **CLEVELAND** in this number, and with it an article from a friendly hand paying a warm tribute to his public character and career. It was somewhat apprehended when he succeeded President **GARFIELD**, after that long and sorrowful suspense of many weeks, that the general intentions of the dead President would not be fulfilled. But as the term ends, and the course of the **ARTHUR** administration is closely scanned, it may be fairly asked whether the administration of President **GARFIELD** would probably have been more satisfactory. Mr. **ARTHUR**, indeed, selected a new cabinet, and the general tone in the direction of our foreign relations was changed—a change upon which Mr. **BLAINE** freely and contemptuously commented before the committee of the House. But the expectation and the apprehension that Mr. **ARTHUR** would surround himself with advisers drawn from a faction of his party, and that he would be the instrument of influences which had been openly hostile to President **GARFIELD**, were soon dispelled.

But while he refrained from identifying his administration with the party wing to which he had himself belonged, he was steadily and quietly opposed by the other wing, and it was interesting to remark, as time passed, that the Independent Republicans who in 1880 were actively opposed to the **ARTHUR** or Stalwart wing, and as against it were often in co-operation with the Half-Breeds, came more and more to like President **ARTHUR**, while he in turn maintained his own course, and was rejected both by the Half-Breeds and an influential part of the Stalwarts. Had his course as President been as decided and consistent in the general spirit of reform as it was in enforcing the reform law in its details, his chance for renomination would have been very great. But the test of fidelity to the principle of reform is obedience to it when conformity is wholly discretionary. It was doubtless disappointment upon this point, added to the old distrust of Mr. **ARTHUR**'s associations and antecedents, which turned the Independent Republicans in New York toward another candidate, and their feeling, with the breach in the Stalwart line, and the hostility of the Half-Breeds, made a New York union upon his nomination impossible, and his election, had he been nominated against a divided party in New York, very doubtful.

The condition of a hearty Half-Breed support of his administration was impossible for him to concede, because it was nothing less than total surrender. When Mr. **BLAINE** ceased to be Secretary of State the Half-Breed opposition began, and the President had no determined and enthusiastic body of friends to contest the purpose of that opposition. The rest naturally followed. But there is no reason to suppose that the **GARFIELD** administration would have been more satisfactory than that which filled the larger part of his term, and it was certainly not the renomination of Mr. **ARTHUR** which resulted in the defeat of the Republican party. Nor is it the fault of Mr. **ARTHUR** or of his administration that he is the last of a continuous line of Republican Presidents. It is, indeed, his honor and his praise that he leaves the Presidency with a higher political consideration than when he entered it, and that no member of his own party or of any other can truly say that he has frustrated any good result that was anticipated from the administration of General **GARFIELD**.

## FORMING A CABINET.

THE long speculations in regard to the cabinet which a new President is likely to form are never very valuable, and the chief advantage which the discussion may be supposed to have, that of revealing the general estimate of the candidates suggested, dwindles before the fact that the situation often precludes that kind of revelation. The remarks of the opposition are of little value because they are not inspired by the desire of justice, but by the wish to depreciate and ridicule and pervert to the advantage of their own side. On the other hand, the press of the administration party naturally wishes to make the best of all leading members of its party, and to speak of possible members of the cabinet in a way which will not make its position difficult, whoever may be selected. The assistance, therefore, which the discussion really renders the President is not very great. He knows that when the work is done his own party press will make the best of it, and the opposition press the worst.

The general principles upon which a cabinet should be chosen are plain, but they must be always modified by circumstances. Personal character, public eminence, and locality, are obvious considerations. A cabinet should not be composed altogether of unknown men, nor should they be all taken from one State or one part of the country. So much is evident. Then the members should be in accord with their chief, and should not be selected as representing factions in their party. The President's personal knowledge of the fitness or desirability of some man not generally known to the country may not improperly determine his choice of some members. But it is fortunate for an administration if the cabinet, as announced, is composed of men who are at once recognized as men of character, ability, and eminence, and the preliminary speculation in the press has this advantage, that the fitness of men previously unknown may become familiar before the actual announcement.

The brief period of Mr. **CLEVELAND**'s public career, and the fact that his public service has been wholly within the State, so that his personal acquaintance is slight with the leaders of his party elsewhere, have given peculiar interest to his selection of a cabinet. There seems to be little doubt that the larger part of it will be composed of men generally and favorably known to the country, and that there will be no member who is unknown, or whose selection will seem "queer." Should Mr. **BAYARD** hold a seat in the cabinet, he is known to share the views of President **CLEVELAND** in regard to civil service reform. Upon this subject the views of the new President are so decided that the heads of departments will naturally conform their action to them, and the country will be spared the saturnalia of spoils which has been believed to be synonymous with a Democratic restoration. A cabinet wisely selected of gentlemen whose names impress the country favorably will give the new administration a happy impulse, and incline every intelligent and patriotic citizen to await its course, not as a partisan hack bound to sneer and cavil, but as an American resolved to judge with candor, and instinctively co-operating with every effort to secure just, honest, and economical government.

## "RESCUE AND RETIRE."

THE speech of Mr. **GLADSTONE** upon the motion of censure, of which the cable gave a summary, was apparently frank and manly, and challenged confidently the judgment of the House of Commons. The Tories in both Houses condemned the policy of withdrawal from the Soudan as dangerous to Egypt and injurious to British interests. Sir **STAFFORD NORTHCOTE**, the Tory leader in the Commons, said that the difficulty lay in the apparent doubt of the Government as to its own object. Mr. **GLADSTONE** declared that the Government had no reason to believe last year that General **GORDON** was in danger. His own dispatches encouraged this view, and the Government "had never swerved a hair's-breadth from the covenant" to send assistance when necessary. The establishment of a stable government in the Soudan meant a British Christian government over Mohammedans, and that was impossible. But the safe retirement of English troops must be secured, and for that purpose the Suakin expedition is necessary.

The Tory declaration of an indefinite occupation has driven the friends of "Soudan for the Soudanese" back to the Liberal side, and negotiations are reported between the Irish members and the Government for the support of the Irish vote. The Irish members seem to have no opinions or principles upon the general imperial policy for which they are sent to legislate, but they are apparently ready to dispose of their votes to the highest bidder in the interest of Ireland. At the close of the opening debate it was thought that the Government would be probably sustained. Letters of General GORDON were published simultaneously with the debate. They show a sense of neglect, and one letter to General WOLSELEY urges his rapid advance. The letters evince no peculiar exaltation of mind or especial confidence. General GORDON refused to regard the WOLSELEY expedition as undertaken for his personal rescue, and insisted that it was for the relief of the garrison of Khartoom.

The result of the excitement in England will doubtless be a definite policy in Soudan. That policy must be withdrawal or permanent British occupation, and the pretext of holding the country for Egypt must be abandoned. In this alternative the course of the GLADSTONE Government is already determined and announced. It is expressed in the phrase which Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE quoted with disapproval, "Rescue and retire." The other policy of "smashing the Mahdi," or vengeance, may be the cry for the moment. But vengeance upon the Mahdi for obtaining Khartoom by an assault favored by treachery, and during which General GORDON was killed, is not to be seriously thought of. The only justification for a British war with the Mahdi would be the deliberate conviction that his success had imperiled the British prestige throughout the East, and that would not be admitted by the most extravagant Jingo. There is no reason whatever to suppose that the defeat of the GLADSTONE Government would lead to a more satisfactory policy in Egypt, and an endeavor to occupy the Soudan permanently in the supposed interest of England could not long command the approval of the country.

## O FOR AN HOUR OF GRATTAN!

THE Irish Cardinal MCCABE had prepared a Lenten pastoral letter just before his recent sudden death, and it was read on the Sunday afterward in all the Catholic churches. Alluding to the dynamite crimes, the letter says: "The object of that wicked conspiracy is to achieve the independence of Ireland and avenge the wrongs inflicted on that unhappy country in former times. God knows the record of its wrongs forms the blackest page in European history, but surely savage vengeance is not calculated to win God or the world to the side of that poor and afflicted country, which has no more deadly foes than the wretched men who support or countenance schemes so detestable. Deeply as I love Ireland, I would gladly consent to a continuation of its greatest sorrow rather than see its redemption worked out by agencies that God and the Church anathematize." These words are re-echoed by the Irish bishops, and they are words to which every well-wisher to Ireland will cry cordially Amen. Simultaneously with the reading of the Cardinal's letter, Mr. HARRINGTON writes to America a letter on behalf of Mr. PARNELL, in which he says not a word of the dynamite crimes, and Mr. THOMAS POWER O'CONNOR, M.P., in a speech at Longford, compares the Lord-Lieutenant to the Czar of Russia, and says that Whigs and Tories would both soon want the Irish vote, and that it would be given solidly in the interest of Ireland.

There is no more perplexing political problem in the world than the Irish question. Absolute independence, to which Irish agitation points, is out of the question, because, were it granted, England would soon have to occupy Ireland as a foreign territory to prevent its occupation by some other power. A separate Parliament and the relation of Ireland to the Imperial Parliament like an American State to the American Union would be an arrangement of the utmost difficulty in detail, and certainly not satisfactory to the Irish party. The old Irish Parliaments would offer no precedent, because they were practically subordinated to the Imperial Parliament, and under an unwritten Constitution it would be very hard to define the line between local and imperial authority. Even in this country, where practically self-governing colonies organized themselves under a written Constitution into a national union, the carefully adjusted national and local authority did not prevent civil war.

The troubles in Ireland are so complex and deep-seated that every remedial measure must be tentative. Absolute equality under the law would seem to be the essential step. But neither this nor any other course could bring summary relief. Traditional hate, difference of race and of religious faith, with the ignorance and degradation springing from long and cruel injustice, have produced a situation which must try, if it does not appall, the utmost wisdom of statesmanship and all the resources of national power. The crimes which the more reckless and cowardly agitators perpetrate, and the cool indifference with which the acknowledged leaders of the agitation, sitting in Parliament, regard them, greatly enhance the difficulties and injure the Irish people. But passion and bigotry and cruelty are the evil counsellors who have done so much of the mischief in past years, and they could only aggravate it now. Some Irish leader, could he appear, of the spirit of GRATTAN, would at this juncture be of inestimable service to his country.

## AN EXTRAORDINARY VERDICT.

THE result of the SWAIM court-martial has been received with general surprise. General SWAIM was charged with fraud and falsehood. The court holds that the charges have been in part sustained. But the court-martial declines to brand fraud and falsehood as unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, and hold only that it is to the prejudice of good order and military discipline.

If, as the court holds, fraud and falsehood in certain particulars have been proved against the Judge-Advocate-General, ought he not to be dismissed? Can such a man ever hold such an office with the proper respect of the army or of the country? And if he be suspended until he reaches an age when he would be retired, what becomes of the office in the mean while, and for what public service is he paid?

It is alleged that the verdict is unjust, and that General SWAIM has been persecuted. The injustice must be established by a consideration of the evidence, and if the General has been persecuted, the facts can be shown. But if the court-martial intended to persecute, why did it render such an extraordinary decision? President ARTHUR evidently would have corrected it, but he could not. He could not set aside the verdict, and he did what he could to make it conform to the finding of the court. Beyond that he could only confirm it or annul it without the chance of a new trial. Without entering upon the question of injustice and persecution, here is a verdict that a man guilty of fraud and falsehood is fit, in the opinion of army officers, to be the Judge-Advocate-General of the Army.

## THE TEA INSPECTORSHIP.

THERE has been some discussion of the recent appointment of a tea inspector at the port of New York. The selection was made upon an examination strictly in conformity with law, but it is alleged that it was determined by favoritism. The facts are not denied that a perfectly fair and proper examination was held of the candidates' comparative knowledge of the subject, and of the important duties which they would be obliged instantly to undertake. There was no opportunity, had there been any desire, of collusion or partiality.

The result of the examination was to place upon the eligible list the names of seven candidates who had reached an average of sixty-five marks in a hundred. According to law the four names standing highest upon this list were submitted to the Appraiser, and he recommended the first name to the Secretary of the Treasury for appointment. The Secretary, exercising his right of selection under the law, declined to confirm the Appraiser's nomination. The Appraiser then submitted the second of the four names, which was acceptable to the Secretary, and the appointment was made.

The Secretary was not obliged either in law or honor to take the first name. His discretion among the four names is absolute. The very ground upon which the Attorney-General held that more than one name must be presented was that discretion is of the essence of the appointing power, and that if one candidate not selected by the appointing power must be taken to the exclusion of all others, that discretion is nullified. If the Secretary exercised his lawful authority from improper motives, the blame is his, not that of the reformed system, which, of course, can not prevent favoritism among the four candidates who are honestly found to be most fitted. The only remedy would be the compulsory selection of the candidate standing highest upon the list. But that is held to be unconstitutional.

## A NOBLE GIFT.

ONE of the most admirable and generous of recent gifts to the cause of good scholarship in this country is that of FREDERICK BILLINGS to the University of Vermont, of which he is an alumnus. After the death of GEORGE P. MARSH, a Vermonter, and one of the most eminent of American scholars, Mr. BILLINGS bought his library, which was of extraordinary value to the student, and which Mr. MARSH had earnestly wished might become the property of the university, although he was too poor to make it a gift.

Having bought the library and presented it to the university, which had no fitting building, Mr. BILLINGS added a gift of one hundred thousand dollars for the erection of such a building, which is now finished, and is reputed to be one of the finest library buildings in the country. It will be dedicated in June with appropriate ceremonies.

The simple record of such ample and wise generosity is its best praise. This gift places the University of Vermont among the many colleges whose literary and scientific treasures, and the noble buildings which hold them, are monuments not only of the munificence of some grateful alumnus, but of the American disposition to turn private liberality to a great and enduring public benefit.

## TO SAVE NIAGARA.

IN speaking last week of the Niagara Falls bill, and of the disgrace to the State if it should be defeated, we omitted to state that by the terms of the act creating the Commission the appropriation must be made by the 30th of April of this year, or all the labor will be lost, the State will be bound to re-imburse the owners of property at the Falls for all losses and expenses incident to the proceedings, and the accomplishment of the object of the enterprise, the rescue of the cataract, will be defeated, and under circumstances which would render farther effort very doubtful and ultimate success very much more costly.

During the discussion upon the bill providing for the Commission great assistance was rendered to the project by its friends everywhere in the State, who interested themselves to interest members of the Legislature, whose attention is so much oppressed by many things that they are apt to think that there is little interest in subjects which are not especially urged upon their consideration. The representations of those good friends to the members of the Legislature from their various districts was most serviceable. And a similar and most timely service is now possible. A bill appropriating the sum of $1,433,429 has been introduced in the Assembly, and the *Times* well says that while now every person must pay at least twenty-five cents every time that he would see the Falls, the appropriation would amount to about twenty-five cents for every inhabitant of the State, and would secure the unobstructed view of the cataract to everybody and forever.

By circulating petitions and writing letters to draw the attention of the Legislature to the project itself, and to the fact that citizens of the State everywhere are interested in it and desire its accomplishment, very much can be done to insure success. Every New-Yorker, indeed, who reads these words, and approves the plan of removing the unsightly obstructions and revealing Niagara again to the view and the delight and inspiration of the world, can do his share toward achieving that good object by writing to any member of the Legislature whom he knows or who knows him, urging that the bill and the appropriation recommended by a competent and absolutely disinterested Commission shall be passed. Forms of petitions, reports of the Executive Committee, and the history of the effort, with all other suitable information, will be gladly furnished upon application to J. B. HARRISON, Corresponding Secretary, P. O. Box 105, New York.

## PERSONAL.

MR. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL'S poetry seems to be appreciated in England, if one may judge from a remark of the editor of the London *Literary World*, who tells his readers that a certain book in defense of agnosticism "is worth buying, if only for the sake of this beautiful quotation from Mr. LOWELL":

> "As blind nestlings, unafraid,
> Stretch up, wide-mouthed, to every shade
> By which their downy dream is stirred,
> Taking it for the mother bird,
> So when God's shadow, which is light,
> My wakening *instincts* falls across,
> Silent as sunbeams over moss,
> In my heart's nest half-conscious things
> Stir with a helpless sense of wings,
> Lift themselves up, and tremble long
> With premonitions sweet of song."

—My wife, writes Mr. CROSS, told me that the reason she fixed on the name "George Eliot" was that George was Mr. LEWES'S Christian name, and Eliot was a good mouth-filling, easily pronounced word.

—The *Vie Parisienne* advises a woman as to how to be attractive: "Look confident and indifferent; express yourself simply, and with a voice as sweet as possible; be keenly alive to everything that passes, yet appear absent-minded; know as much as possible, yet please by asking questions. Having read everything, quote nothing; seen everything, appear ignorant; heard all, always express surprise; desiring everything, ask for nothing. Be light-hearted, to preserve your beauty; be indulgent, to attract sympathy."

—Mr. JOHN MORLEY to the citizens of Glasgow: "If GORDON unhappily be dead, then with the profoundest regret, yet with some sort of thankfulness that such an Englishman should have lived and should have crowned a career so gloriously—with some sort of regret, but with a firm face, then, I say, we must retire from that fatal field, not showing any alarm, not showing any hurry, not going post-haste toward Egypt proper, but quietly and calmly withdrawing, possessing our strength, ready to repel any attack that may be made upon us, but equally determined not to make a wanton attack upon others."

—The late General GORDON wanted ISMAIL Pasha restored to the Khediveship of Egypt: "I would have ISMAIL back—indeed I would," he said, while on his way to the Soudan. "I would do anything to help that old bird. The people are far worse off now than they were under him. He is one of the ablest men of his time, and by no means the devil some believe him to be. He is the worst-used man in Europe. I can't bear to see a man kicked like ISMAIL—a man I esteem it the greatest pleasure to have had the honor of serving."

—From the Hon. ROBERT C. WINTHROP'S oration at the dedication of the Washington Monument: "I am myself a New-Englander by birth, a son of Massachusetts, bound by the strongest ties of affection and of blood to honor and venerate the earlier and the later worthies of the old Puritan Commonwealth. But I turn reverentially to the Old Dominion to-day and salute her as the mother of the pre-eminent and incomparable American, the Father of his Country, and the foremost figure in all merely human history."

—Marriage among the Wa-taveta, a tribe of Central Africa, is described by Mr. JOSEPH THOMSON, who recently visited them, as a matter of so many bullocks. When a young man takes a fancy to a girl he arranges the matter with the father, and agrees to give so many head of cattle. If he is able to give the requisite number at once, then the marriage is consummated without delay. This, however, seldom happens. If the man is poor, the engagement frequently extends over a term of years, till the last bullock is paid up.

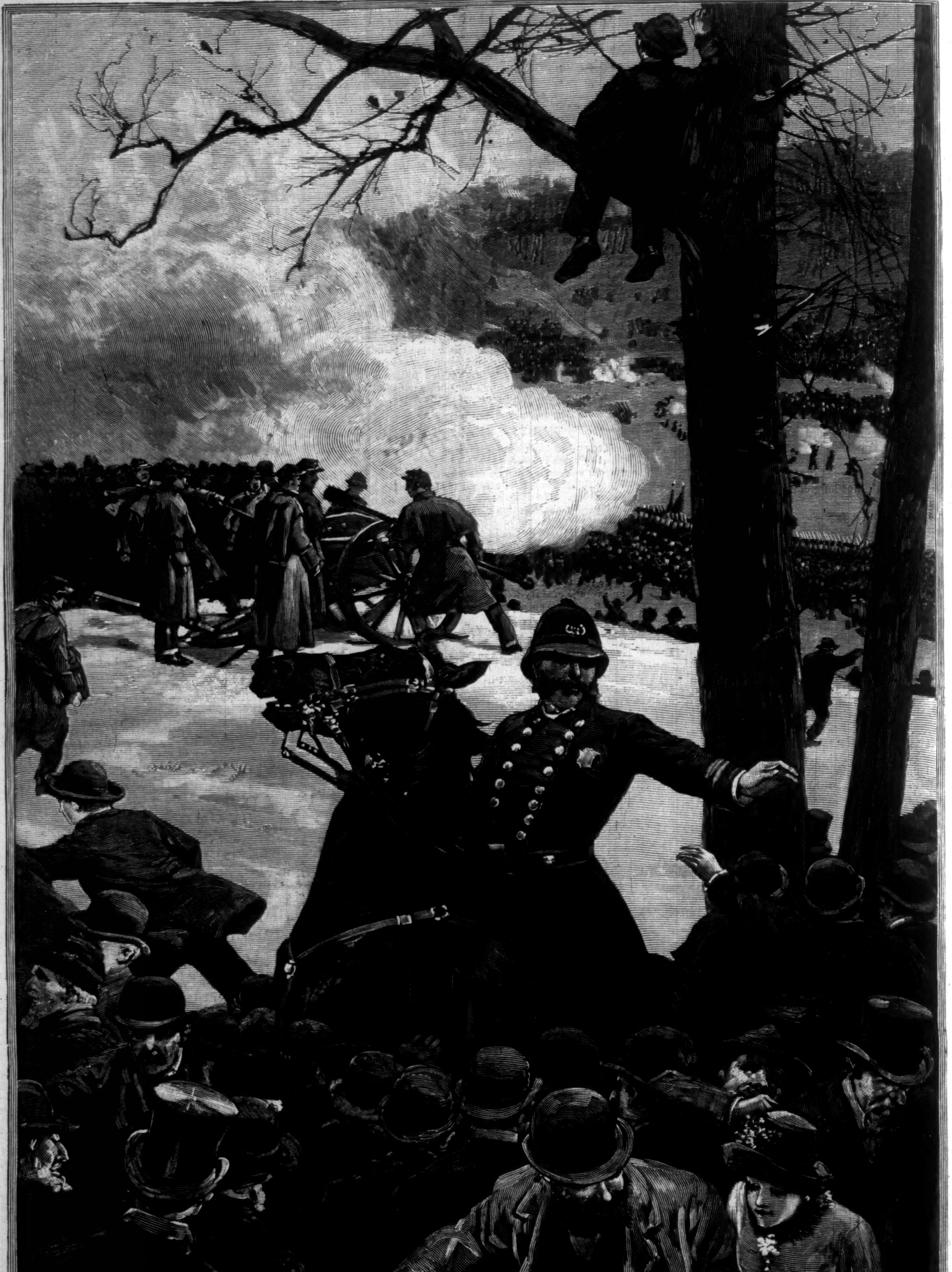
—The late GEORGE FULLER was as true an artist and as great a painter as this country has produced, and it is pleasant to learn that an illustrated essay on his life and genius will soon be published. If such a work could be prepared on the plan of M. SENSIER'S *Life of Jean François Millet*, in other words, on an autobiographical plan, with extracts from his letters and snatches of his conversations, it would be of exceeding worth.

—Mr. LEWIS WINGFIELD asks, What constitutes a plagiarist? and adds that if SHAKESPEARE and SHERIDAN were not plagiarists, "then let us openly pick each other's pockets without fear."

—Mr. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER is delivering a series of interesting lectures on the relation of literature to life before a number of ladies in the parlors of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. He never had a more appreciative audience, many members of which represent a fashionable set that never before was less frivolous.

—Mr. EDMUND GOSSE tells a London newspaper that when in this city he heard "charming stories, perhaps at least half true, of English artists who were afraid to sketch in the Central Park of New York for fear of Indians, and of eminent English lawyers who had not happened to hear of the fact that the negro slavery had been abolished. My own impression is that the way to enjoy America is to take the trouble to learn a little about its intellectual and political life before going there."

—The ex-Khedive of Egypt while in the height of his power was visited by the ex-Empress EUGÉNIE. He showed her all the sights, but there was one sight she wanted to see, namely, an Arab marriage. "You shall see it, madam," he said, and forthwith directed one of the ladies of his harem to be brought out, and to be presented to his aide-de-camp. The unfortunate officer, who was as much an Englishman as an Egyptian, and whose dream had been to marry a European, had no escape. The nuptial ceremony was performed within two days, and a large dowry went with it.



SHAM BATTLE AT PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN, ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 158.]

# ADRIAN VIDAL.

By W. E. NORRIS,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. de Mersac," "Thirlby Hall," etc.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE ANGLO-SAXON.

The thirty or forty eligible residences which have received the name ot Alexandra Gardens are to be found in an outlying quarter of the district now known as South Kensington, *vice* Brompton superseded. They stand upon a spot where there were actual gardens—cabbage gardens—not so very long ago; but all trace of these has disappeared, and the word, as applied to this special row of buildings, has no more justification than that of custom and precedent. Viewed as dwellings, they probably lack something in soundness of structure; but to set against this, you have—as Adrian's landlord was at some pains to point out to him—the great advantage of originality of design, each house possessing its own distinctive character; so that, however odd might be the shape of your drawing-room, you could count with tolerable certainty upon that of your neighbor's drawing-room being odder still. No. 12 was fairly commodious, and the disposition of the rooms was certainly clever. There was an appearance of space about the hall; the staircase was broad and not too steep; the drawing-room and library had recesses in unexpected places, and the whole house was well adapted for those arrangements in stained glass and lincrusta, and wall-paper resembling stamped leather, whereby the modern Londoner strives to render existence beautiful. The rent demanded was a trifle high, to be sure, considering the remoteness of the situation; but upon this point Vidal quoted a dictum of the late Baron von Bunsen to the effect that a man should always house himself more expensively and live more simply than his means warrant; adding, as a result of his own observations, that people won't come to see you if you live at Notting Hill, whereas they will cheerfully drive double the distance for the same purpose if only your address ends with the letters S. W.

That it was desirable to have many visitors he took for granted; and Clare, who, for her part, would have been perfectly satisfied to see nobody but her husband from week's end to week's end, fell in with his views, and welcomed the visitors when they presented themselves, as they very soon did, in large numbers. She was proud of her husband's popularity; it was pleasant to her to receive the ladies who had known him in his bachelor days, to listen to the flattering things that they said about him, and to show them her pretty house. If there were difficulties in the way of effecting that retrenchment in house-keeping which was to balance the excess of rent, she kept them to herself. From the outset, she resolved that Adrian should not be troubled with such petty cares; and she fought single-handed the battle that most young wives have to fight. Happily, she was not altogether a novice. Her mother's frequent absences and occupations had caused a large share of the management of the Cardrew household to fall upon her shoulders, and she knew pretty well what was required for the smaller establishment over which she now reigned. What she did not know, and had to learn by painful experience, was the discrepancy that exists between Cornish and London prices. She had troubles with the milkman and troubles with the cook, and perhaps a few tears may have fallen upon the weekly bills, which somehow always exceeded the sum agreed upon by her and her husband as sufficient. She paid her way—not, however, without the sacrifice of some of her pin-money—and maintained a lightsome demeanor; yet, little as she would have acknowledged it, even to herself, the bloom of her youth was rubbed off by this daily struggle, and married life began to reveal itself to her as something different from the life of her dreams.

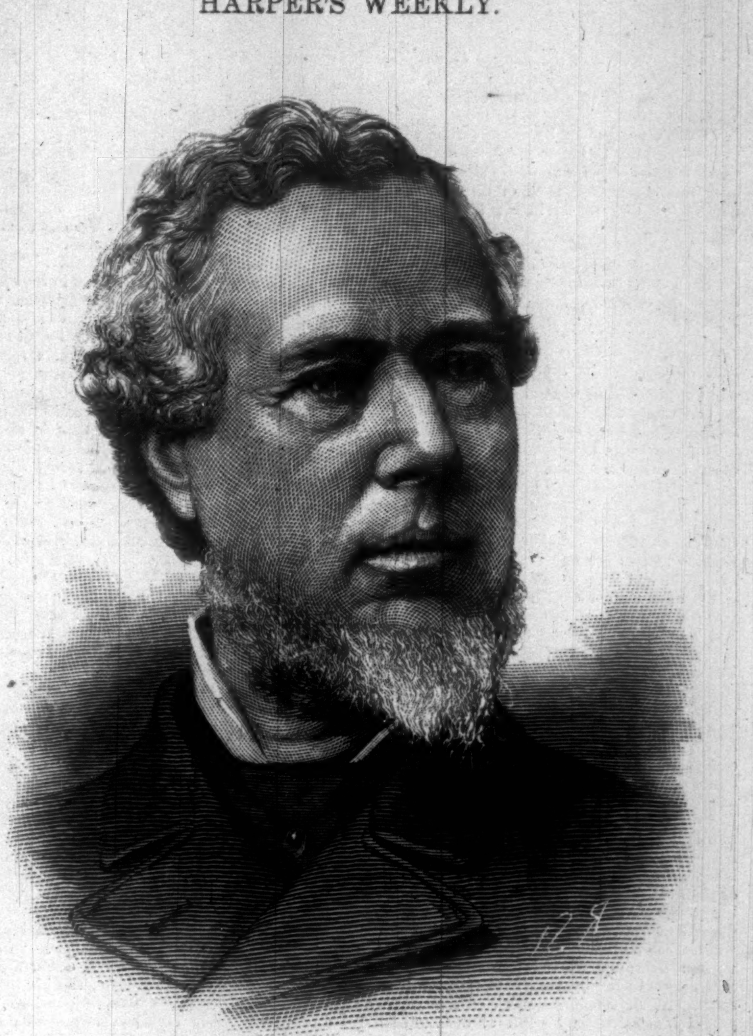
It is a curious fact that men do not, as a rule, shrink from subjecting their wives to the trials which are inseparable from poverty, although very few of us would care to see our daughters exposed to what, after all, is a sort of degradation. Adrian handed over his weekly check and asked no questions. To do him justice, if Clare had requested more, he would have given her more without grumbling, though he could not very well have afforded it; but since she did not ask, he let well alone. Moreover, he, too, had his daily share of work to get through. That it happened to be a pleasanter kind of work than hers was not his fault.

Early in the year his second novel saw the light, and for a few weeks after the appearance of the book there was a pause of anxious expectation in Alexandra Gardens. The author, after vacillating some time between hope and fear, was inclined toward despondency; on the other hand, the author's wife, who had seen the proof-sheets, was so confident as to the favorable reception which the public would accord to *Two Lovers* that it was difficult to help being infected by her enthusiasm.

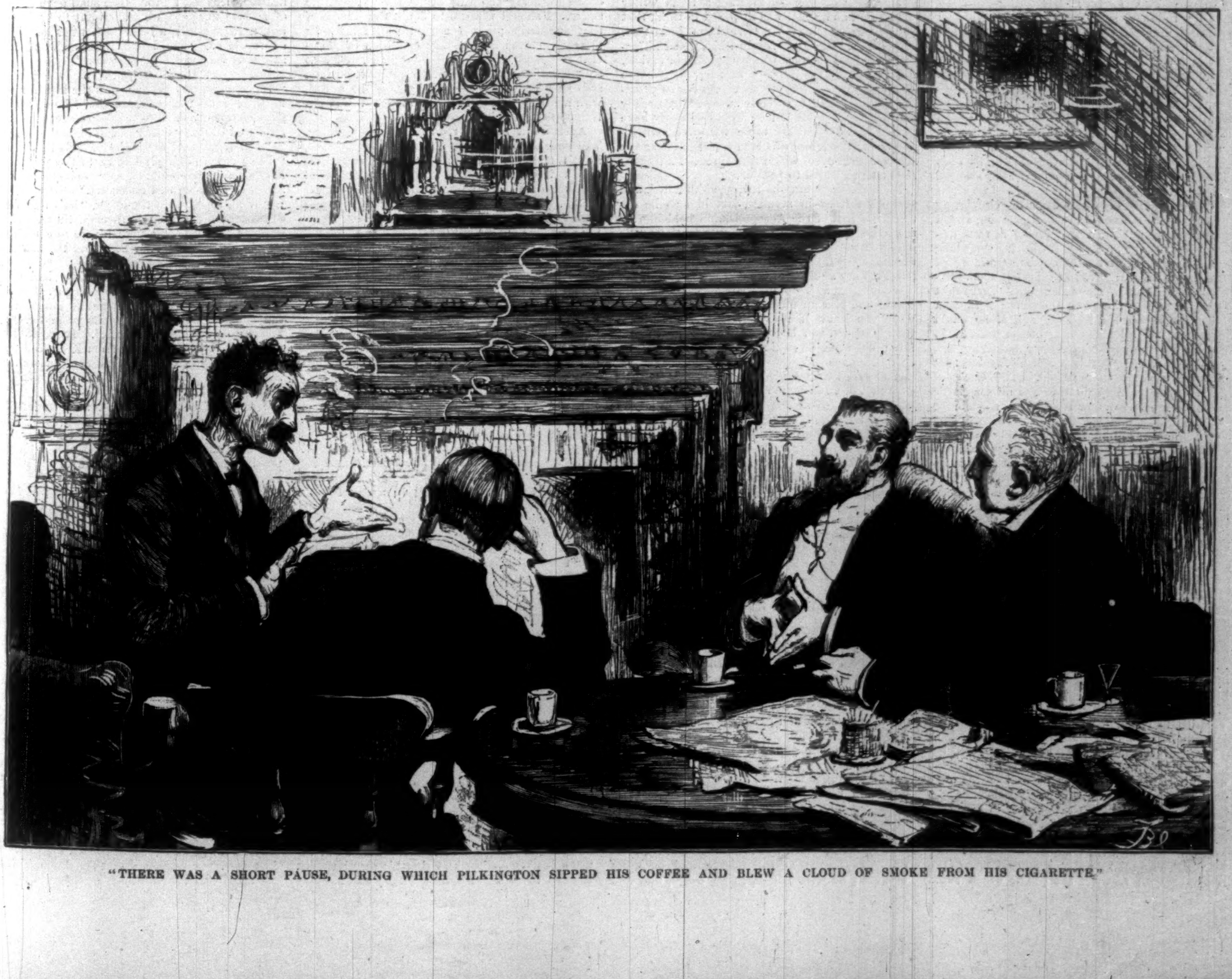
"It is by far the most interesting novel I ever read," she declared, with pardonable exaggeration; "there isn't a page in it that I should wish altered. And it is *you* all through, Adrian. I didn't recognize you in *Satiety*; it seemed to me that you were not writing what you thought so much as what worldly people profess to think. But in *Two Lovers* you are yourself. I don't know whether the critics will praise it or not; but I do know that every one who cares for a charming story will read it and delight in it."

"They won't discover that it's charming unless the critics tell them so," answered Vidal. "I don't know why any one should think it charming. There's nothing in it that I can see."

As a matter of fact, there was rather more in it than he supposed. It was not a work of the highest genius, but it was an excellent story, very well told, and it had just that happy combination of romance with realism which is so sure to please and so hard to accomplish. Vidal had conceived his novel under conditions especially favorable to this kind of composition. The greater part of it had been written at a time when he was profoundly and, as he believed, hopelessly in love; his pen had faithfully recorded his own feelings; the situations and incidents that he described were many of them such as he himself had had experience of; half unconsciously, he had made the chief character a copy of Clare Irvine—not the real Clare, but an idealized version of her which she herself would never have recognized. This imaginary personage was destined to become one of the most popular heroines of modern fiction, and in many an English household her name is still remembered and coupled with the creations of authors to whose celebrity Adrian Vidal has never attained. The book had been completed with



THE LATE WILLIAM C. KINGSLEY.—From a Photograph by Alva Pearsall.—[See Page 151.]



"THERE WAS A SHORT PAUSE, DURING WHICH PILKINGTON SIPPED HIS COFFEE AND BLEW A CLOUD OF SMOKE FROM HIS CIGARETTE."

more ease and rapidity than his previous one; and this, among other things, caused him to think slightingly of it. It is proverbial that an artist is no judge of his own works. He can hardly avoid estimating their value by the amount of pains that he has taken to produce them, whereas the purchaser has quite another standard.

From the purchaser's point of view, *Two Lovers* was almost as satisfactory as Clare had pronounced it to be; and Vidal was not kept long in suspense before this encouraging verdict was made known to him. One afternoon he came in, holding in his hand a copy of his old enemy, the *Monday Review*, which he tossed down upon the work-table beside which his wife was seated. From the subdued radiance of his countenance, Clare perceived, before she looked at the paper, that all was well; but she was scarcely prepared for the unstinted praise which presently met her eye.

The reviewer began by saying that he had opened *Two Lovers* with grave apprehensions. The lovers to whom recent writers of fiction had introduced him had not been pleasant people to meet, and he had felt no desire to become acquainted with two more of them. But this distrustful attitude had soon been abandoned.

"After we had reached the end of the first chapter our critical faculties fell into abeyance; we surrendered ourselves unreservedly to the charm of this most delightful novel, and read it from beginning to end without marking a single passage for praise or blame. We hardly like to think how many years it is since we have been able to say as much of any novel that has fallen into our hands. . . . *Two Lovers* is a book to be enjoyed, not to be criticised. It is throughout so healthy in tone, so spontaneous and so true to nature, that a man feels himself growing young again as he reads, and has not the heart to cavil at details or to point out to the author in what respects his story is capable of improvement. . . . We are heartily glad to see that Mr. Vidal can produce something better than the stale and dreary moralizing which he inflicted upon us in *Satiety*. He may rest assured that the less he gives us of that kind of writing in future, and the more of such novels as *Two Lovers*, the better it will be alike for his readers and his reputation."

Now this was certainly very handsome, and though Vidal might affect to make light of it, and say that it was always a mere toss-up whether you got kicks or halfpence from that quarter, he could not altogether conceal his satisfaction, nor refrain from remarking by-and-by:

"After all, the old *Monday* is about the best paper that deigns to criticise us poor novel-writers with anything like fullness. The men who write for it express themselves like gentlemen and men of the world, there's no denying that. I don't think they are always quite fair, you know; but—"

"Well, they have been fair this time, at all events," interrupted Clare, decisively; and Adrian did not feel called upon to contradict her.

The *Monday Review* happened to be the first to notice *Two Lovers;* but other journals speedily followed suit, and were no whit less flattering in their observations. One and all, big guns and little guns, pronounced unequivocally in favor of the book; there was not a single discordant note in the whole chorus of approval. What was perhaps of more importance was that the good opinion of the press was fully confirmed by the public. Within a few weeks of its appearance, the first edition of *Two Lovers* was exhausted; and a second and a third went off with equal rapidity, and Vidal's publishers, smiling graciously upon him, assured him that the sale of the work showed no signs of diminishing. In these days of circulating libraries such triumphs are not common, and a comparatively unknown writer who is thus distinguished may be pretty sure of having the whole publishing world at his feet. The number of letters that Vidal received at this time from publishers and editors of magazines was so great that he began to find the mere answering of them a serious tax upon his leisure; and if he could have accepted all the engagements offered to him, his fortune would have been made.

Nor was it only in this practical fashion that his success was acknowledged. The circle of his friends and acquaintances, always a large one, became so wide, now that he was a celebrity, as to be almost unmanageable. Parliament had met, London was filling fast, and it appeared as if everybody who did not already know the talented author of *Two Lovers* was dying to be introduced to him. The roadway of Alexandra Gardens, which was in general unaccustomed to traffic and required but little attention from the parochial authorities, was cut up by the wheels of the carriages which stopped at the door of No. 12; Clare's card tray was filled to overflowing, and invitations to dinner arrived at every hour of the day.

The young man's head was not turned by all this adulation, which, indeed, he was sensible enough to know that he had done very little to deserve. He was astonished and rather amused at it; personally, he did not much care about stories that were frankly stories and nothing more; he still thought the work which had brought him into such prominence vastly inferior to its predecessor; he was inclined, like Voltaire, to exclaim, "*Les honneurs et les biens pleuvent enfin sur moi pour une comédie de la foire!*" Nevertheless, he thoroughly enjoyed being made much of. He accepted the invitations which bore his wife's name as well as his own, and declined those in which her existence was ignored. He basked in the sunshine of social renown, giving himself no airs, but receiving the compliments paid him with an innocent gratification which finished the conquest of his admirers' hearts. There are men with whom notoriety does not agree, just as there are plants which suffer by being taken out of the shade. Others, again, require light and warmth to bring out what is best in them, and to this latter category Adrian Vidal belonged.

"I can't pretend to be above caring whether people are kind to me or not," he said once to Clare, whose thirst for applause was soon slaked, and who was getting tired of dining out every night. "I like to be liked; it's a harmless weakness."

"Yes," she agreed, rather dubiously; "it is pleasant to be liked for one's own sake; but to be liked only because one has done something out of the common—I don't know whether that is such a good thing. And how can one tell that it will last?"

"Oh, it won't last," answered Adrian, shrugging his shoulders. "All the more reason for making the most of it while it does." And then he laughingly told his wife that she was a misanthrope, and went upstairs to dress for dinner.

It occasionally happened now that Clare sat down to a solitary meal. As has been said before, Vidal made it a rule to decline all invitations in which she was not included; but some invitations reached him in which it was impossible that she should be included, and which prudence forbade him to refuse. On this evening, for instance, he had been asked to dine at the Acropolis Club to meet a certain Mr. Pilkington, whose position as a man of letters was of the first rank, and who was considered by his disciples to be a sort of English Sainte-Beuve. Whether Mr. Pilkington had ever made good his title to be so considered was of course a question which admitted of two answers; but his style of writing was certainly graceful and impartial, and he had a high opinion of his own abilities, which always counts for something. He had at one time been editor of a review famous for its dogmatic utterances on science, philosophy, and religion, but had resigned the post on finding that it involved him in controversies which were not to his taste. He was well known in society, and passed for being an ambitious man, though he seldom said or did anything to justify that supposition. Being possessed of a moderate fortune, he was not dependent upon his pen for a livelihood, and only wrote when he felt so disposed. Latterly he had written little; but whenever an article signed by him appeared it was read with interest and respect. A fair scholar and an excellent critic, he prided himself upon his gift of discrimination, and would sometimes take a young author by the hand, to the delight of that young author, and prophesy great things of him. However, he did not now do this so frequently as in former years, some of his protégés having in the most unscrupulous manner falsified his predictions.

When Vidal was asked to meet this gentleman, whom as yet he knew only by repute, he felt that a high compliment was being paid to him. His host—one Egerton, a well-to-do middle-aged bachelor, who liked to play Mæcenas upon a small scale, and made a point of knowing all authors—was just the sort of man to whom Mr. Pilkington would have been likely to apply had he been desirous of meeting a fresh writer of promise, and Vidal was disposed to think that some such desire must have been intimated. Moreover, a rumor had reached him that Pilkington was about to start a new magazine or review, and he had some faint hope that he was going to be asked to contribute to this. As far as promises to provide fiction were concerned, he already had his hands full; but he would willingly have resigned one of these more lucrative engagements for the honor of being named among the select band over which the great Pilkington might be expected to preside.

Egerton, stout, gray-haired, good-humored, and somewhat fussy in manner, met him as he entered the hall of the Acropolis, and held him by the hand while he murmured confidentially, "So glad you were able to come! Pilkington hasn't turned up yet, but he'll be here directly, I suppose. Very anxious to make your acquaintance—asked me a heap of questions about you. You'll find him an uncommonly pleasant fellow, when you know him—a little stiff, some people think. Quiet, you know—not much gush about him; but when he says a thing, you may be sure that he means it."

This exordium sounded promising. It was evident that Mr. Pilkington had been saying, or was going to say, something to the advantage of the person addressed. Vidal made an appropriate response, and his entertainer, turning to a tall, cadaverous-looking man who was perusing the play-bills on the wall, went on:

"I don't know whether you know Percy Kean. Kean, let me introduce you to Mr. Vidal—*Two Lovers*, you know—celebrated author."

The last words would perhaps have been more fittingly applied to the elder than to the younger of the two men thus presented to each other. Percy Kean had tried his hand at various branches of literature, and during a career of something like twenty years, had been moderately successful in everything that he had attempted. His comedies generally drew full houses; his humorous verses, if they did not quite entitle him to call himself a poet, were widely read; he was connected with several weekly journals, and was reputed to be the writer of some political skits which had at different times amused those who understood them. He took a large bony hand out of his pocket and extended it to Adrian, saying,

"Glad to see you. I wish the other man would come!"

But the other man did not come for half an hour, and when he did come, made no apology for being late. Vidal was a little disappointed in his appearance, which was rather that of an elderly man of fashion than of an eminent scholar. His hair, which was turning gray at the temples, was parted in the middle and carefully brushed; he wore a short, trim beard, and had an eyeglass tightly screwed into his right eye. He spoke in a low, deliberate voice, pronouncing his vowels very broadly, and was a shade too conscious of being the most distinguished person present. It may be that Vidal was also somewhat disappointed by the reception accorded to him. He had been prepared for a cordial shake of the hand, and possibly a graceful reference to his book; but all that he got from the great man was a bow, accompanied by an indistinct murmur; and then Egerton said, briskly,

"Well, suppose we go into dinner."

When the four men were seated in the spacious strangers' room, and were doing justice to the cooking, for which the Acropolis enjoys a well-deserved celebrity, Mr. Pilkington began to talk, and talked pleasantly enough upon a variety of subjects, of which literature was not one. Indeed, he seemed disinclined to enter upon this particular topic, and ignored several attempts on the part of his good-humored host to introduce it. He had the placid air of being assured that what he said would be listened to which characterizes superior beings. He spoke with a polished fluency that reminded Vidal very much of his writings; he could count upon at least one appreciative hearer in Egerton, and paid little heed to the occasional caustic comments with which Kean broke in upon his periods. When these interruptions occurred Pilkington paused for a moment, smiled courteously, and then resumed his discourse, without making any direct reply. Evidently, he did not think much of Kean, and somehow or other, it seemed rather as if Kean did not think much of him. It was not until dinner was nearly over that a question of Egerton's caused him to say a few words about the craft to which three out of this party of four belonged; and then Vidal obtained the little compliment that he had ceased to expect.

"By-the-way, Pilkington, how did you like ——'s book?" Egerton asked, referring to a novel which had recently appeared, and which had created some sensation, less by reason of intrinsic merits than of the sweeping indictment which it contained against the morality of the age.

Pilkington leaned back in his chair and balanced his dessert knife upon his forefinger. "I should say," he replied, in his quiet, deliberate way, "that —— had better stick to the kind of writing by which he made his name, and let novels alone. He has a certain smartness—a certain facility: he treats the problems of life with that sort of light-heartedness which is always welcomed by people who like to have their thinking done for them; but he seems to be entirely wanting in creative power. His novel is not a true picture of the men and women of the day, and what is worse is that it is unpleasing. Nowadays we don't like coarse attacks and knock-down blows. The kind of hard hitting that amused our fathers offends us; and it would be almost as disagreeable to us to read such another onslaught as Macaulay made upon Robert Montgomery as to see a man throw a glass of wine in his neighbor's face. The present generation is sometimes accused of being too thin-skinned to appreciate satire. I should venture to doubt the justice of that accusation; but I am sure that it's now more than ever a necessary condition of satire that it should have some humor in it, and also some kindliness. To be effective, it must be such satire as Thackeray's—or as yours," he added, with a little bow to the young man who was sitting opposite to him.

Adrian felt himself reddening with pleasure. The speaker might not, and probably did not, intend that too literal an inference should be drawn from his remark; but that incidental coupling of Vidal's name with Thackeray's was certainly a very pretty way of acknowledging such merits as the former might possess. Egerton stretched out his left leg and stealthily kicked his young friend under the table, as who should say, "There! I hope you're satisfied with that!" Kean threw back his head, widened his mouth from ear to ear, and contemplated the ceiling.

Thinking over this pantomime afterward, Adrian was led to conclude that Mr. Kean either did not believe in Pilkington's sincerity or differed from him in opinion. Upon the whole, he did not particularly like Mr. Kean. Toward Pilkington, on the other hand, he could not help feeling drawn; and after an adjournment had been made to the smoking-room, he was glad to find himself alone for a few minutes with that gentleman, Egerton having (not without intention, probably) taken away his other guest to examine some ventilators which had lately been put up.

Pilkington said at once what Adrian had half hoped that he might be going to say. "I don't know whether any one has told you, Mr. Vidal, that I have been asked to undertake the editorship of a new magazine."

"I heard something about it," answered Vidal.

"I say a magazine," the other went on, "for want of a better name; but in reality our new venture will be more or less *sui generis*. It will have something of the magazine in it, but it will also have something of the review and something of the newspaper. What I wish to do is to provide people with a sort of—er—survey of each month as it comes to an end. Not, of course, a mere *résumé* of events; but a series of articles, written by first-class men, on what is taking place in literature, science, art, and society. I had at first thought of excluding politics; but I begin to see that this is scarcely practicable. There will, therefore, be a political article, which I shall undertake myself—not because I feel any special aptitude that way, but because, oddly enough, I can not lay my hand upon a single other man who is wholly free from party bias. In this, as in all other departments, I am anxious that the paper should take an attitude of absolute independence. Each writer will express his own views and sign his own name at the foot of them. I think I can say that in every instance the name signed will at least be a guarantee of competence. The articles will be shorter, lighter, and far more numerous than those of the ordinary half-crown magazine. Perhaps I may add that they will also be more readable; at all events, it will be our aim to make them so. In addition to these articles, I have consented—somewhat unwillingly, I must confess—to publish a serial story; and I am in hopes that some day you may be induced to let us have a novel from your pen. At present I am too deeply pledged to make further arrangements in that direction; but I should be glad if you saw your way to join us as a permanent member of our staff. In that case, I should ask you to furnish us with a monthly article on current light literature, English, French, and American."

There was a short pause, during which Pilkington sipped his coffee and blew a cloud of smoke from the cigarette which he held between his fingers. Then Adrian said—what was indeed the the truth—that he felt exceedingly flattered by the offer made to him, and asked nothing better than to accept it. "But," he added, with a slight laugh, "I am afraid my name can't be considered as one of those which are a guarantee of competence."

Pilkington waved his hand and smiled pleasantly. "You must allow me to hold a different opinion," he replied. "It is true that you have done nothing yet in the way of criticism—or at least, if you have, I have no knowledge of the fact—but I have the vanity to think that I can judge of a man's capabilities without asking him for direct evidence of them. From what I have seen of your writings, I am satisfied that you will suit us, if our terms suit you."

He then named the terms in question, which struck Adrian as extremely liberal, and the bargain was concluded just as the two other men returned. Pilkington did not think it necessary to change the subject.

"I have been persuading Mr. Vidal to give us his co-operation in our new magazine," [illegible] remarked.

"Dear me!" cried Egerton. "Vidal, I congratulate you; it's a grand opening. Not that you need an opening; still, it isn't every one who would have such a chance given him, you know."

"You may congratulate me too, if you like," said Pilkington, with ready tact.

Whereupon his friend responded heartily, "Of course—of course! Congratulate you both most sincerely."

"Oh! ah! the new magazine," murmured Kean, dropping his long, gaunt person into an arm-chair. "I'm in it too, ain't I, Pilkington?"

"As an occasional contributor," replied that gentleman, serenely.

"Oh yes; I know I'm only a casual. By-the-way, have you hit upon a name for the thing yet?"

"Well, no," answered the future editor; "I can't say that I have come to a final decision. I should have liked to find something that would convey an idea of the light character of the publication, because, although we shall have to treat of serious subjects, we don't want to be heavy; but, unfortunately, all the best titles have been appropriated. 'Figaro,' for instance, would have suited us very well—or 'The Owl.'"

"Why not the 'Ostrich?'" suggested Kean. "The omnivorous ostrich, he's the bird for you. Politics, fiction, science, slander—buns, broken glass, tenpenny nails—nothing comes amiss to him. Call it the 'Ostrich,' Pilkington."

"I'm afraid that wouldn't do," said Pilkington. "The ostrich is chiefly known to the public for habits which we should be sorry to impute to ourselves as clear-sighted observers."

"Well, then," said the other, "let's ring for a dictionary, and search it through till we get an idea. I've tried that plan before now with the happiest results." And he suited the action to the word.

It seemed possible that Mr. Kean had taken just half a glass too much champagne. His tone evinced a disrespectful tendency to make fun of the new magazine, if not of its promoter. But Pilkington remained unruffled. It would have taken a very different man from Kean to disturb his courtesy, his kindly toleration of human folly, his modest but firm belief in himself.

"I don't know that names are of any great importance," he continued; "the generality of newspapers and magazines have names which are comparatively meaningless. Still, in choosing a new one, it would be desirable, if it were possible, to give some sort of clew to one's intention."

"Just so," agreed Egerton. "Now you, I take it, want to be understood as intelligent and disinterested spectators of what is going on around you. In short, a band of cultured men, and men of the world, associated together for the purpose of—of—well, for journalistic purposes, but tied down to no special line, and ready to judge every question upon its merits."

"Yes; but unfortunately you can't very well put all that into one word," said Pilkington. "All things considered, I am afraid we shall have to content ourselves with a *pis-aller*. 'The Empire' has been suggested to me, and also 'Great Britain;' but I am inclined to something more inclusive. 'The Anglo-Saxon,' for example. But really it does not much signify."

"'The Anglo-Saxon' would take in America and the colonies," observed Egerton, thoughtfully.

"Who might otherwise consider themselves slighted," broke in Kean, looking up from the dictionary which he had been studying. "I've got lots of good names here, though. The A's don't come out very well; the 'Amalgam' and the 'Anomaly' are all I can do for you in the way of A's; but we improve as we go on. I'll just read you out my list: 'The Balance' (capital name that for an impartial paper: weigh everybody and find everybody wanting, you know), the 'Butterfly,' the 'Buttonholer,' the 'Bore,' the—"

"Oh, I say, Kean, come, now!" remonstrated Egerton.

Pilkington preserved his lenient smile as he rose and bade his host good-night. "I think we shall have to stick to the 'Anglo-Saxon,'" he said, "unless Mr. Vidal can help us to something better."

He took the young man familiarly by the arm and led him toward the door. "There's one thing more I had intended to mention. Our paper will not be the property of any publishing firm. We considered it best not to hamper ourselves in that way. The bulk of the capital is provided by private individuals who are not themselves literary men; but all our permanent contributors have some small pecuniary interest in the undertaking. In many ways I think it is well that this should be so, and if you like to place a trifle—say a couple of thousand pounds—in our hands, I hope you will have no cause to regret having done so."

Vidal felt rather uncomfortable. Two thousand pounds was not exactly his notion of a trifle; and as a married man, he doubted whether he had any business to go in for sporting investments.

"Of course," continued Pilkington, who was now getting into his great-coat, "I can't say what rate of interest you would receive. It might be fifty per cent. or it might be five."

"Or it might be nothing," Vidal ventured to suggest.

"Or it might be nothing. Every new enterprise is speculative, and can not be otherwise. I need not say that you are under no sort of obligation to run what you may consider a risk; and of course it does not signify at all to us, in a pecuniary sense, whether you accept our offer or not. My own feeling in the matter is simply this: that having a money interest, however small, in a paper helps a man more than anything else to identify himself with it, and to put his best work into it."

"He has his salary," remarked Vidal.

"Oh yes; he has his salary, no doubt. Well, you can think it over, Mr. Vidal, and let me know what your wishes are in the course of a few days. Good-night."

These last words were spoken upon the doorstep of the club, from which Pilkington was driven away in his brougham. Adrian perceived that he would have to risk those two thousand pounds, and he was rather sorry that he had not at once yielded with a good grace, instead of seeming to hint at doubts by which his future chief had evidently been ever so slightly offended. It would not do to offend Pilkington, he thought; but at the same time he would have preferred to keep his money in his pocket. Careless and hopeful though he was, he had enough of common-sense to be aware that the new magazine might be excellently written and excellently conducted, and yet fail to establish a footing. Turning pensively back into the hall he encountered Kean, who was coming out, and who proposed to walk as far as Piccadilly with him.

"So you are to do the monthly review of fiction for the 'Anglo-Saxon,'" he remarked, when they were out in the street. "You never tried anything of the kind before, I suppose? Ah! I thought not. It's an original idea, that of Pilkington's, to put all his square men into the round holes, and I shouldn't wonder if it were to take. A sonnet by an eminent scientific writer, a serial story by a bishop, and so on, ought to tickle the fancy of the jaded public, eh? Pilkington isn't quite the Solomon that he gets credit for being; but he's no fool either."

"Do you think the 'Anglo-Saxon' is likely to pay?" asked Vidal, who was more interested for the moment in this question than in Mr. Pilkington's reputation.

"I don't know why it shouldn't. It's a novelty—neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring; and the first few numbers are sure to be read. We shall know more about it by this time next year; but at present I should say it had a fair chance of success. Personally, I don't much care whether it sinks or swims."

"The difference between us," thought Vidal, "is that I do." But he did not say this, and as he drove homeward he took some comfort from the thought that, since all the contributors were in the same boat, they would, as their editor had astutely observed, certainly do their best to keep it afloat.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## WILLIAM C. KINGSLEY.

As superintendent, vice-president, and acting president of the Brooklyn Bridge the late Mr. William C. Kingsley identified himself with that magnificent triumph of engineering skill; and the Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, in an eloquent address at his funeral, justly said that the two towers of the noble structure might fittingly be inscribed with the names of Roebling and Kingsley. Indeed, without Kingsley, Roebling's name might not have been connected with the bridge, for Kingsley it was who advised the appointment of Roebling to the position of chief engineer, and who, at a time of little faith in the enterprise and few funds for it, furnished $300,000 of the entire $500,000 subscribed.

The qualities which conditioned so admirable a career were a deep insight into things as they are, great endurance of labor, a disposition to want little and to work, and never-failing tact. Mr. Kingsley was a manager of men. When not twenty years of age he managed some rebellious school-boys, whose teacher he was, so admirably as to create the initial opportunity of his business life in the admiration of Colonel Snodgrass, a rich contractor, and after doing disciplinary service under him in Wyoming County, Pennsylvania, Mr. Kingsley tried his fortune as a railroad constructor in Wisconsin and Illinois.

Since 1856, when he became a resident of Brooklyn, nothing of importance with reference to the public works of that city has been proposed or accomplished without his intimate knowledge, and in most cases his advice or direct participation. The farmer's son of Franklin County, New York, became also, and by the exercise of the same traits, a potent force in political councils, and few persons can remember a State or National Democratic Convention at which his spare, tall, broad-shouldered, erect figure was not a centre of influence. In bringing about the nomination of President Cleveland Mr. Kingsley's keenness of perception and organizing capacity found an occasion which he did not fail to embrace, to his own distinction.

Had this great man of affairs lived to the Davidic limit of threescore years and ten—he died of pneumonia at fifty-two—he might easily have held a portfolio at Washington, or represented his country in diplomatic halls. He inspired trust, and many of his friends believed that with the election of Mr. Cleveland his great political opportunity had come, although he himself cared little for public office. But he cared much for a polity whose principle was the same laws for all and equal rights.

## GROVER CLEVELAND.

Five years before his entering on the office of President of the United States, the name of Grover Cleveland was unknown beyond the city of Buffalo, of which he was in 1881 elected Mayor. Within that populous and energetic town he was known as a lawyer of singular probity, sound judgment, tireless industry, and quiet but sturdy independence, who had patiently won a large clientage, chiefly of the kind involving the execution and defense of trusts. In public affairs he had taken but a modest part. He had been three years Assistant District Attorney, and for three years Sheriff of Erie County, but for eight years he had held no office. In 1881, the city having fallen into the bad ways of most large American cities, he was made the Democratic candidate for Mayor on a distinct reform platform. He received powerful support from the better class of Republicans, and lost heavily among the Democrats led or controlled by the machine politicians, and he was elected—an experience that has since been twice repeated, each time on a larger scale, and each time giving new and very interesting matter for study to those watching the development of American politics. This was the starting-point in his remarkable career, and gave the first indication of the conditions in the most striking process of political evolution that has been offered since Mr. Lincoln was chosen President.

In political as in all evolution survival is for those who are fittest, at the time and in the given circumstances, to survive. It by no means follows that evolution secures the advancement of the ideally fittest, or that it does not leave many, who at other times and in other circumstances might be far superior, in relative obscurity. Mr. Cleveland, possessing the same qualities and practicing the same virtues, might have remained all his life a quietly successful lawyer, enjoying the confidence of his clients and the respect and affection of his fellow-citizens, had not the times been such as to demand him in a higher place, and had not the requirements of his own town summoned him to the office of Mayor five years ago. So far as we can judge by his career thus far, he is in mental and moral gifts far less distinguished than many whose part in public life has been comparatively unimportant. Certainly he has shown very slight trace of that essential originality, amounting to genius, which is easily recognized in Mr. Lincoln long before he had risen to the height Mr. Cleveland has reached. The latter is, indeed—as shrewdly remarked by Mr. Morse of Washington as compared with John Adams—a "type" rather than a splendid individual. His strength may fairly be said to lie, not in his possession of exceptional qualities, but in his possession in an exceptional degree and combination of qualities so common in themselves and separately that every one can understand their value, and can know what is to be expected from them. In reading over his various official utterances as Mayor of Buffalo one finds clear-cut expressions of common-sense and common honesty applied with entire fearlessness and with a certain simple energy and bluntness to the cases in hand. But this common-sense already showed itself in the prompt perception of the real rights of the citizen in the business of the city, and the common honesty in the unflinching firmness with which he put aside all partisan motives, and his courage is plainly that of a man who fears nothing because he seeks only to do his duty, and doing that, can not be hurt.

It happened that when the election for Governor came on the next year, the Republican party was divided by the course of its managers in seeking impudently to defy the better portion of the party, and to force upon it a candidate of recognized merit, but representing a corrupt and arbitrary political "machine," and lacking the courage to disown it. This division offered to the Democratic leaders the opportunity of presenting a candidate who would invite the support of the offended Republicans, and they had the wisdom to see it. Mr. Cleveland's brief but timely, and at the moment conspicuous, service in the Mayor's office in Buffalo fitted him for the post. With much difficulty, and to the open disgust of a large portion of his own party, he was named as candidate for Governor, and the strength of the longing for the overthrow of party despotism was shown by his election by such a majority as had not been given in any State to a Governor since that which the people of Ohio gave to "honest John Brough," as an expression of their revolt against a like tyranny that had placed Vallandigham in nomination. Mr. Cleveland's course as Governor fully justified not only the shrewdness of the political leaders who had brought him forward, but the confidence of those of the opposing party who had supported him. These would have been entirely satisfied if he had done nothing to discredit them. They had made their protest, and all they hoped was that they would not be made ashamed of it. They were very promptly given cause to be proud of it, and with an eagerness not unmixed with amazement, they found their sudden impulse ripening under the experience of its results into a steady determination. The man whom they had hit upon as a convenient figure-head for an *émeute* showed the qualities needed in the leader of a revolution, of a struggle for life and death with a powerful, firm-seated, and unscrupulous set of political usurpers. In the Governor's chair at Albany he was seen to be as untrammelled by the bonds of his own party as if he had belonged to its opponents. The guiding principle of his administration was not only loyalty, but aggressive loyalty, to the whole people, and his sense of duty worked as steadily and actively as if there had been no rewards to hope for, no disappointment to fear.

And this was not all. There is probably in the whole Union no executive office, save that of President, with powers and obligations equal to those of the Governorship of New York. Since the last remodelling of the Constitution, by which the Governor's term was made three years, and the appointment of the principal department heads was placed in his hands, subject to confirmation by the Senate, he has greatly increased responsibility. He has also the right of veto upon the several items of appropriation bills, which adds much to his influence over legislation. In his use of these powers Mr. Cleveland found ample scope for his best qualities. His choice of executive officers was marked by sagacity and independence of judgment. His most important appointments were made with an almost defiant disregard of ordinary party considerations, and a hearty contempt for the "patronage" they involved. His relations with the Legislature were manly, dignified, and singularly candid. His vetoes, which were frequent, were mainly based on three general objections—inconsistency with the Constitution, extravagance, and the pursuit of partisan advantage under the forms of law. His reasoning on questions of the Constitution was direct, clear, sometimes acute, and always scrupulously honest. It bore no trace of effort to twist the Constitution to his own purpose, but was virilely judicial. At times it was amusingly blunt. Apart from his unswerving independence, the people of the State came rapidly to see that he had some of the most unusual and the best gifts of the statesmanship required in the not too simple duties of the Executive office. As the temper of the Presidential campaign began to develop, Governor Cleveland, in the French phrase, with constantly increasing emphasis, was seen to "impose himself."

This was the second stage of the process of evolution. The agencies called into action by the needs of the nation during the civil war and the political struggle that followed it had served their purpose, but had not been discarded. The new needs of the nation and the impulses corresponding to them had made themselves felt, but had not yet found or formed the agencies by which they were to be satisfied. Again in the nation, as two years before within the State of New York, the effect of the development of the new forces was to divide the Republican party; again this division presented a momentous opportunity to the Democratic leaders, and again they had the wisdom to embrace it. Again, also, Mr. Cleveland, by his course in the office he then held, had proven himself to be the instrument best adapted to the time. But as at this period the exigency was greater and the task to be performed more extensive, so the fitness of the instrument had been far more severely tested. In the summer of 1884 the people knew not only that Mr. Cleveland was honest, bold, firm, and capable, but that he understood with clearness the evil he was called to cope with, and that he had mastered a definite and practical method of dealing with it.

Subsequent to his election as Governor there had been enacted in the national Congress and in the Legislature of New York laws which set up a simple but powerful and adequate machinery for confining appointments to persons of merit, and for sufficiently testing merit by open competition. The essential purpose of these laws was not the improvement of the service, though that necessarily resulted from their enforcement, but the abolition of patronage and the absolute divorce of the great body of the service from politics. Mr. Cleveland had given the most loyal and intelligent adhesion to the State law in its letter and in its spirit. He had named an admirable Commission, and he had sustained its action at every point. He had not hesitated to make it known that any attempt in the Legislature to interfere with it would encounter his veto. He had heartily aided in the extension of the reform to the civil service of cities. His candidature for the Presidency, therefore, made the "issue" of the canvass the overthrow of the spoils system and all that it involved. Mr. Blaine, in spite of the fair professions of the Republican platform, was on the wrong side of that issue. His bad character, his desperate policy, were only more convincing proofs of the ruinous influence of the old system, and the campaign was fought in reality on this question. The election of Mr. Cleveland was not merely a triumph of his personal honesty as against the equivocal character of his opponent; still less was it the triumph of any distinctively partisan principle or policy. It was the triumph of the popular insurrection against the tyranny, the corruption, the anti-republicanism, of the old system of politics. It was at the same time the final victory of the national spirit, so sadly broken by the civil war, for it was brought about by the union of the "solid South" with the best elements of all parties in all other sections of the country.

It remains to be seen whether Mr. Cleveland will fully meet the hopes that are centred in him. There is no more doubt that at the time and under the existing circumstances his election was the best thing for the country than there is doubt that the direction of any natural force is along the line of least resistance. It was simply inevitable. But those who aided in it because, while it was yet uncertain, they believed it to be best, have good reason to regard the future calmly. Mr. Cleveland has met with rare completeness the requirements of every post to which he has been called. He is still in the prime of vigorous manhood (he will be forty-eight a fortnight after the inauguration). He has the strong frame, the hardy constitution, of a long-lived family. He unites great deliberation and candor of mind with inflexible firmness, an impartial temper with vigor and independence of judgment. His energy is patient and untiring; his habits of thought and work are methodical, but neither narrow nor rigid. He is young enough to feel the force of fresh conviction, sufficiently experienced to know the possibility and the sources of error, willing to learn, but not unsophisticated, not averse to counsel, but capable of decision, and, withal, possessing a certain manly tact, and showing now and again signs of a sense of humor that is not the least of the virtues of his remarkable character.

## AFRICA'S CAWNPORE.

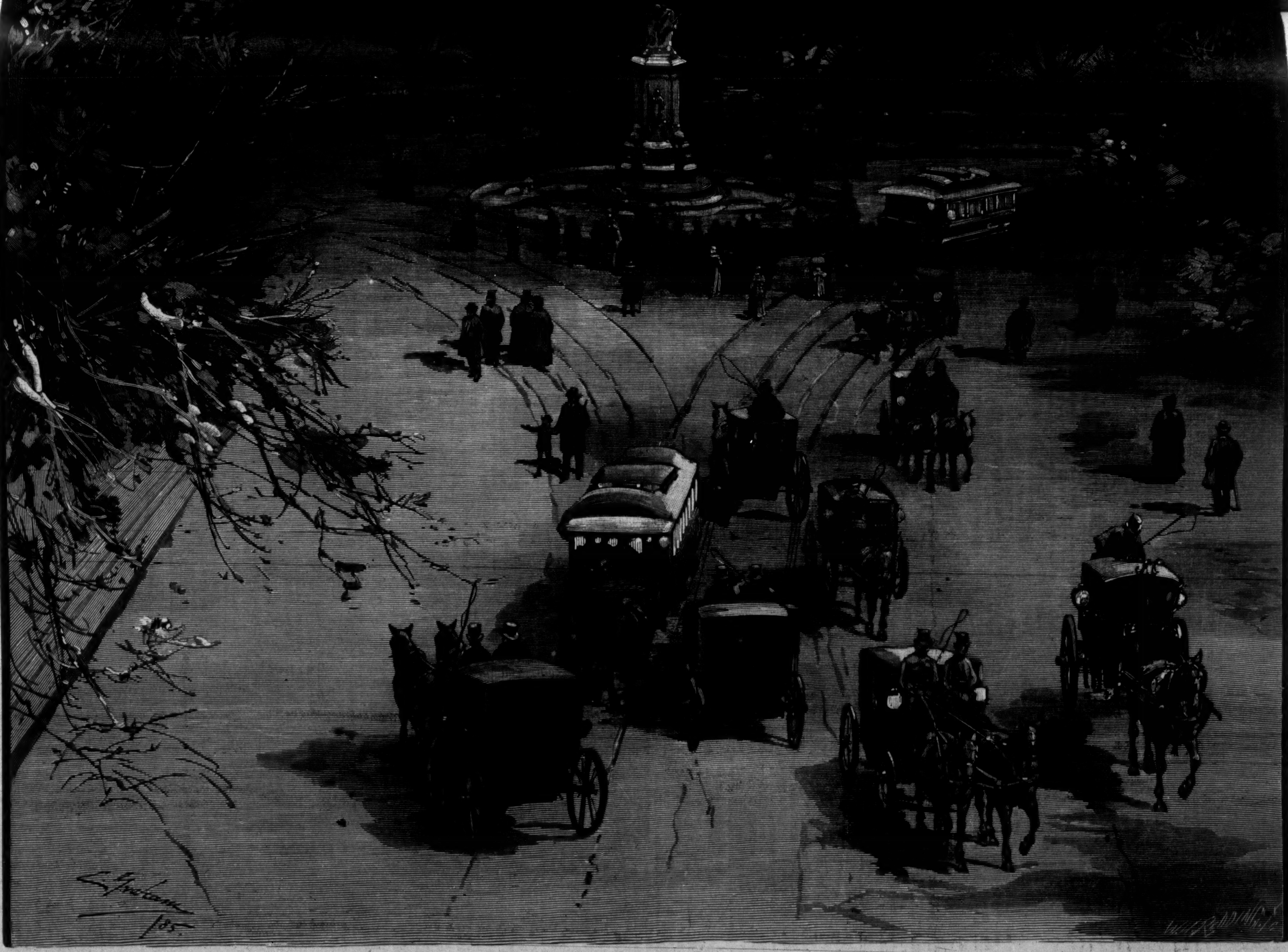
Khartoom is no exception to the ruinous aspect that marks all Arab towns when seen from a distance. It needs all the picturesqueness of the graceful palms that rise above it in every direction, the white-sailed boats that flit along its shores like butterflies, the noble sweep of the Blue Nile on one side and the White Nile on the other, the rich blue sky and dazzling sunlight, to counteract the depressing effect of this mass of flat-roofed, whity-gray, tomb-like houses amid the dim, boundless emptiness of the eternal desert, along the horizon of which quivers a film of intense heat like the reek from a furnace mouth. During the wet season the narrow, crooked, filthy streets are mere ponds, breathing stench and fever. Many of the "houses" are circular mud burrows topped with a pointed thatch of corn-stalks, while the high, blank walls encircling the countless gardens enhance indescribably the dreary effect.

About 108 miles north of Khartoom, and almost midway to Berber, lies the fortified village of El Metemneh, connected with Shendy, on the opposite bank, by a clumsy native ferry-boat, on which an Arab stands upright with a strip of canvas held outstretched above his head to do duty for mast and sail, two others holding this living mast firm, and a fourth steering. Shendy has never recovered its destruction by Mehemet Ali's son-in-law in 1821, and the sole token of its former greatness is the huge crumbling fort overlooking the river, the present "town" being a cluster of low hovels two miles distant, grouped around a wide, bare market-place.

In the hollow between the Upper Nile and its great westward bend beyond Abu-Hamed lies the Bayuda Desert, across which the British marched to Metemneh (*viâ* Abu-Klea) from Korti, General Wolseley's present head-quarters. The latter place, overhanging the Nile from a steep bank shaded by clustering trees, is pleasant enough, despite the perilous shoals around its landing-place. The now memorable halting-place of Jebel-Gakdul lies a little to the north of Abu-Klea.

But here, as everywhere else in the Soudan, the life-giving stream is powerless to nourish anything beyond the spot on which it flows. The waters of the Nile itself are frequently sprinkled with the powdery sand of the mighty deserts which have pushed their borders to within less than a mile of its edge. So, too, with the oasis of Gakdul, or of Abu-Klea. Before the refreshing drops have dried upon your beard you are once more amid the hot, brassy glare and the dead, crushing silence of "the land where all things are forgotten." Waves of burning rock or lifeless sand, wearying your aching eyes with their grim sameness, surge up one beyond another into the dim horizon, while the bleaching bones of a skeleton start from the drifting sands at your feet in gloomy warning of what your own fate may soon be.

Here it is that the fatal "kamsin," or hot wind of the desert, which the ill-fated British troops are now encountering a full week before its wonted time, blows in all its fury. In the old Arabian legends one often finds a caliph or pasha impatiently exclaiming at the close of a long-winded story, "By Allah, thy talking is worse than the hot blast of the wilderness!" No one can fully appreciate this rough-hewn sarcasm who has not been in Arabia or the Nile Valley in the earlier weeks of March. Everything looks suddenly dim and blurred, as if seen through a wet pane of glass, and all at once you feel a gust of stifling, prickly heat and a qualm of overwhelming nausea. Your eyes smart and burn, your temple veins throb as if they would burst, your skin seems one vast pincushion filled with red-hot needles, and in another moment you are staggering as if stunned by a heavy blow, and groping blindly for any support that you can find, to the utter refutation of the polite Italian proverb that nothing can face the sirocco except "un porco ed un Inglese" (a hog or an Englishman). Woe to any sick or wounded European who meets its destroying blast in mid-desert! David Ker.



WINTER AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL—A NIGHT SESSION.—Drawn by Charles Graham.

## COLUMBIA.

(*"Concordia, rinnovazione." "Confido, conquiesco."*)

COLUMBIA turned from the time of blight,
From the bitter and barren years,
When she roamed alone through the starless night
Of the valley of blood and tears;

She turned with a mystic glow on her face—
A gleam as of glad surprise—
With the Northland calm and the Southland grace
In the blue of her lifted eyes.

She saw in the clear, keen Orient air
The signal of storm's surcease,
And the death of the darkness that haunts despair
In the new-born smile of peace.

She thought, as the heavens grew brightly flushed,
"I have wakened from doubt and dole,"
And the splendors of morning promise blushed
On the heights of her cloudless soul;

And her earlier Past in a torrent's sweep
Rushed by her, turbid and strong,
With a voice that pealed from its thunder deep
Young Liberty's Titan song;

And its music of lusty joyance came
Like the blending of wave and wind,
When the ocean leaps to the sunrise flame,
And the wan Dark withers behind;

And she said, "As the shadows of menace die,
As the rages of discord cease,
How blest are the odors of breeze and sky
In the breath of the balms of peace!"

And still as the heavens more brightly flushed,
All vanished were doubt and dole,
And the splendors of morning promise blushed
On the heights of her Alpine soul.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

"COPSE HILL," GEORGIA, *February*, 1885.

## MR. BLOCK'S ONE GLORIOUS NIGHT.

MR. BLOCK was bald-headed. Extreme self-esteem had made him bald; for it had prevented him from selling his pictures, except at prices which nobody would pay, and compelled him to make etchings and sketches in the small hours of the night to keep soul and body together. Such severe application and the sleeplessness which it induced had deprived Mr. Block of his capillary adornments. No lotions or magical compounds would restore to him the crown of beauty which he had lost. This was a severe trial to Mr. Block, not because he was vain, but because he was engaged. He had been engaged to Miss Apollonia Schwinger for nearly twenty years, and what is still more remarkable, Apollonia had been engaged to him for nearly twice that period. For she devoutly believed that she had been expressly made for Mr. Block, and that Mr. Block, from the shining hour of his birth, had been expressly destined for her. Mr. Block declared himself in perfect accord with this arrangement, although at times, when he saw how gray Apollonia was getting, he had his doubts. But he was a loyal man, Mr. Block was, and moreover he had gotten so accustomed to being engaged to Apollonia that he could not imagine how he should feel if he were not. Besides, Apollonia had her points; she had been decidedly handsome in her day, and at home in Switzerland she had been considered quite a catch. After the death of both her parents she had come to Rome, and after a few modest exploits in art had opened a boarding-house. It was generally understood that an Italian prince had proposed to her, but then there are few flourishing boarding-house keepers in Rome who have not had the chance of becoming princesses; that is, of course, on condition of boarding the prince free. Apollonia could not afford to do this, and therefore she declined. Her first consideration, however, was her tenderness for Mr. Block, from whose genius she expected a greater distinction than that of worldly rank.

It will be observed that Apollonia was a trifle romantic. Art was to her a sacred thing, in the presence of which she would have taken off her hat, if her hat had been detachable. When she visited Mr. Block's studio, as she often did, in the company of a chaperon, she walked on tiptoe and talked in whispers. She believed firmly that the world would some day recognize Mr. Block's greatness, and then she would be rewarded for her long and weary waiting. In the mean while she could only pity the world for its purblind stupidity in not recognizing Mr. Block. Only think of the splendid gallery Mr. Block had collected of his own works—gambling peasants, monks drinking wine or pinching the cheeks of pretty girls, shepherds from the Campagna playing morra, etc.—think of all these radiant works of genius, which might be had for the paltry sum of fifty or sixty thousand dollars! Of course Mr. Block was perfectly right in refusing to sell such gems for five hundred or a thousand francs. She would rather wait until the moment of recognition came, when he would be able, perhaps, to sell them all together to his native city of Berne, to be preserved forever in a separate building, to be called the Block Museum. Apollonia wept for very joy when she thought of distant generations deriving inspiration and enjoyment from this museum, and blessing her name because she had upheld and strengthened Mr. Block in his defiance of the world's miserable disregard.

I am very sure that the reader will now expect me to tell him that Mr. Block was a poor artist. No, my dear sir; there you are wide of the mark. Mr. Block was, on the whole, more than a fair artist. He was not a great and shining light, perhaps; but he was far from being a charlatan. He was a little old bachelor, who with conscientious and painstaking industry and respectable talent had devoted his life to art. If, however, you had expressed such an estimate of him in his hearing, he would promptly have knocked you down. If a man who came with the intention of purchasing damned him with faint praise, for the purpose of getting a picture cheap, Mr. Block, with extreme courtesy, showed him the door. He might be too poor to get his dinner, but he was never poor enough to pocket a profitable snub, or to descend from the lofty pedestal of his artistic dignity. He never let Apollonia know that he sometimes suffered want; and he never condescended to visit her in time for dinner. Moreover, in the matter of dress he was extremely particular; when he pawned his waistcoat, he only brushed his coat the more carefully, buttoned it close, and allowed a fragmentary tip of a bright silk handkerchief to protrude slightly from the outer breast pocket, as fashion prescribed. He had bought this many-colored handkerchief twelve years ago, and had cut it up into as many tips as its size would allow, using only one at a time, managing by an artful division of the pattern to give to each tip the effect of a different handkerchief. In spite of all these precautions, however, the rumor gradually spread in the artistic colony that Block was miserably poor. Some discreetly offered to help him, and were told, with polite circumlocutions, to mind their own business. Others, who had perhaps seen him make a dinner off a dish of broccoli and a slice of dry bread, tried in all sorts of underhand ways to make him their beneficiary; but his sensitive pride always detected such disguised charities, and promptly repelled them. In fact, he suffered so keenly from these well-meant attempts to succor him that his friends would have done better if they had permitted him to starve in peace and self-respect.

Apollonia, as I have intimated, had no idea that Mr. Block was having a hand-to-hand fight with starvation. She saw occasionally one of his etchings in the illustrated papers, and naturally supposed that etching was an immensely profitable business. When Mr. Block entered her parlor at half past eight in the evening and made her the most ceremonious of bows, her old heart fluttered and the tears often came into her eyes at the thought of his stanch and loyal devotion. When, at the end of an hour's discreet and undemonstrative conversation, he arose to take his leave, he usually stooped to kiss her hand, and remarked, "Miss Schwinger, this day has brought us one day nearer to our marriage."

At these words Apollonia's foolish old heart positively ran riot, and her faded old cheeks exhibited a coy little virginal blush.

"The dear good man!" she would say to herself, with a sigh, as she seated herself on the sofa after his departure. And then, for some reason or other, the tears ran silently, one by one, down her cheeks, while the knitting-needles clicked nimbly, and the toe of the stocking grew several inches too long, and showed no signs of contracting.

It was in the winter of 1879, I think, that Mr. Breitkopf, a wealthy manufacturer from Berne, made his appearance in the Roman colony. Mr. Breitkopf, it was rumored, had come to Italy for the purpose of buying pictures for his gallery, and the artists scrambled and fought for his acquaintance like a pack of wolves for a fat sheep. His courier made quite a fortune from artists' fees, and even his dog was made an object of marked attention. Breitkopf, however, took his time before making his investment. He passed by the works of the most distinguished masters with a mere passing glance, and expressed the most unorthodox opinions about everybody and everything. His taste, if he possessed any such organ, was certainly eccentric; and a certain obstinate and self-willed independence, characteristic of the self-made man, inclined him to subscribe to no opinion which he suspected of being *en règle*. After having passed a month in exasperating the notabilities of the artistic fraternity, Breitkopf one day happened to see the name Anton Block on the door of a rather shabby studio. He inquired of his courier who Anton Block was, and his courier shrugged his shoulders, as much as to say that he was nothing remarkable. That piqued the manufacturer's curiosity. He knocked at the door and entered the studio. Within fifteen minutes he had bought three pictures at five hundred dollars each. Here was actually an artist whom no one had thought worth mentioning to him, and that an artist from Berne, his own native city. It was the blackest envy, of course, which had leagued the rascals together in a conspiracy to keep this great man from his notice. But he would teach the courier-bribers a lesson; he would show them that he was not to be duped. The more he thought of it, the angrier he grew, and the angrier he grew, the more he bought. Three more pictures were transferred to his possession, and two checks, for fifteen hundred and one thousand dollars, to Block's pocket-book.

Breitkopf was in ecstasy; he had discovered a man of genius from Berne—a man who, so to speak, knocked the spots out of all his competitors. He talked of nothing but Anton Block. All the foreign correspondents, who had hitherto studiously ignored the little man from Berne, suddenly discovered what a romantic character he was, and filled columns upon columns with the story of his poverty and his sudden good fortune. Block himself, however, accepted the latter as nothing but his due. He behaved with the most admirable dignity. The only piece of indiscretion which he committed, under the stimulus of a pardonable elation, was to kiss Apollonia on the forehead instead of, as before, on the hand. But Apollonia thought that was so marvellous that she was scarcely surprised at all when he followed it up with the announcement that now he was at last in a position to marry. The only thing that troubled him (though this he did not confess to Apollonia) was the rumors about his former poverty, and the affront to his dignity implied in the efforts of his meddlesome friends to help him. The newspapers, particularly the French, made him furious, and he was consumed with a wild desire to murder some of those romancing correspondents. His regard for Apollonia, however, restrained his wrath, and after some meditation he hit upon another plan, which had the merit of being both ingenious and effective. He sent out superbly engraved cards—all strictly *comme il faut*—inviting everybody he knew to a grand banquet at the Hotel Costanzi to celebrate his engagement with Apollonia Schwinger. He gave the proprietor of the hotel *carte blanche*, and only told him to get up something in the best style he knew, regardless of expense.

It was a very grand assembly which greeted Mr. Block that night in the parlors of the Costanzi. All his meddlesome friends and all his pet enemies were there—Italian noblemen, French and German attachés of legations, artists of all grades of eminence and obscurity, half a dozen monsignori, ladies of lofty birth and gorgeous toilets, and ladies of lowly birth and dowdy toilets—in fact, everybody who had ever done a kind or an unkind deed to Mr. Anton Block, during the thirty years of his residence in Rome, he had honored with an invitation. He felt as happy as a king when he took his seat with Apollonia at the head of the brilliantly decorated banqueting board, and he conducted himself with a dignity which would have been becoming in an emperor. Apollonia felt as if her heart would burst; it positively danced to the tune of Mendelssohn's Wedding March, which the band played as she walked with an ambassador at the head of the procession into the magnificently lighted *salle à manger*. And when Block raised his glass and welcomed the company, that same excitable heart of hers shot up into her throat, and remained there for the rest of the evening. She was so jubilant that she feared she would die from sheer excess of happiness.

The banquet went off with brilliant *éclat*. No jarring incident occurred. Everybody was amiable, well-bred, and amusing. The wine flowed freely—wines of choice vintages and choice prices. Great dignitaries, secular and ecclesiastic, made speeches celebrating the host's shining merits; and Mr. Breitkopf, overflowing with champagne and enthusiasm, compared him in one breath with Raphael, Leonardo, and Michaelangelo. That was perhaps a little too much, and Block, without conceding an inch of what he held to be his legitimate due, deprecated his friend's extravagance. He made a positive sensation by the dry wit, neat conciseness, and admirable taste of his reply. Everybody's face shone with delight and admiration; and Block stood, glass in hand, narrowly watching his would-be benefactors while he spoke, and in his heart he crowed over them, and sipped his triumph like a precious wine, with keen relish, in small delicious sips.

There could be no doubt of it: it was an enormous success. All the guests agreed that no such banquet had been given in Rome since the good old days when the Pope was king and the cardinals kept house in the great historical palaces. But all things must have an end, and so also a banquet. It was long after midnight when the guests departed; and when at last Anton and Apollonia stood alone in the deserted salon, he suddenly clasped her in his arms and kissed her. He had to give vent to his ecstasy in some way. If she had not happened to be near, he might have embraced the waiter.

"Glory, glory, hallelujah!" he shouted, and waltzed round the room with her like a madman.

"Mr. Block! Mr. Block!" she cried, in faint remonstrance, "do let me go."

"Glory, hallelujah!" cried Block, and whirled about with more maddening speed.

"I shall die, Mr. Block," she whispered, sinking into his arms exhausted.

"Do die," exclaimed Block, with wild boyish *abandon*; "let us both die. We may never have another chance of dying so gloriously."

Then flinging his arms about Apollonia's waist, he lifted her up on the table, struck an attitude before her, and declaimed:

> "O happy he whom Death the bloody laurels
> In victory's radiance winds about his crest,
> Or whom in rapture of swift maddening dances
> He finds reposing on his maiden's breast;
> O would that I, before the Spirit's power,
> Had fallen stark and dead in victory's hour!"

It was a pity, perhaps, that Mr. Block's prayer was not fulfilled. He would then have left a glorious name behind him, and Mr. Breitkopf would perhaps have bought in his whole collection at auction, and founded the Block Museum in his native city. Moreover, if Death had taken him at his word, he would have been absolved from the unpleasant necessity of paying the bill for the banquet, which, I regret to say, amounted to $2521 30. Block came near fainting when it was presented to him; but quickly collecting himself, he seated himself easily, and without a murmur of protest made out a check for the amount. It was done with such royal *sang-froid* that the caterer, who had come prepared to haggle, and perhaps to take off thirty or forty per cent., was completely dumfounded. He was about to apologize or justify his charges; but Block waved him off grandly, and seized his palette. But no sooner had the rascal gone than he hastily wrapped one of his pictures in a pillow-case, ran to a pawnbroker, and obtained the fifty francs which were needed to square his account with the bank.

Thereupon Anton Block resumed his genteel and well-disguised fight with his ancient enemy poverty. He represented to Apollonia that, all things considered, it would be rather an unwise proceeding to marry just now, and Apollonia, good old soul that she was, was tearfully and reluctantly persuaded that Mr. Block was right, as always. What particularly impressed her was the necessity of producing as many masterpieces as possible for the post-mortem museum, and it was evident that if Mr. Block was married, he could not devote his undivided zeal and ambition to this sublime cause. To be sure, there was a proposition which trembled on the very tip of her tongue, and that was that Mr. Block might occupy the position in her house which the Italian prince had vainly coveted; *e. g.*, become a free matrimonial boarder in return for the dignity which his illustrious name conferred on the proprietress of the establishment. But the unmaidenly boldness of such a proposal presently rose before her in all its enormity, and she became so flustered that there was nothing left for her but meekly to acquiesce in Mr. Block's arrangements. The last agreement, I believe, is that as soon as Breitkopf establishes the Block Museum in Berne their wedding day is to be fixed. But up to date Mr. Breitkopf has kept remarkably quiet. Nevertheless, Apollonia never takes up a Berne newspaper without a feverish little blush and a strange and unaccountable agitation.

HJALMAR H. BOYESEN.

## THE NEW ORLEANS CARNIVAL.

IT has been said that the spirit necessary to the proper conduct of a carnival can be found only under a Southern sky. It has been said also that to the proper production of a carnival a Roman Catholic community is necessary. The wild escape of mirth and revelry is natural to a people that are about to enter upon an actual observance of Lent, to chasten the flesh by abstinence, to behave with solemnity, and to subdue the spirit to the point of humiliation for a period of forty days. Perhaps it is so. Perhaps only in a land like Italy does there occur a carnival which is worthy of the name. And yet in Northern cities there have been carnivals which have seemed vivacious and picturesque enough. Leipsic, in Germany, has one every year, which no one who has ever beheld it can doubt is eminently successful. It has glitter and beauty and good-nature and laughter; everybody speaks to everybody; and ladies may be pelted with bonbons without offense by absolute strangers. An attempt several years ago to establish the carnival in this city was singularly disastrous; but this is a great town, with comprehensive amusements which go on regularly every day, and no fuss made about them.

New Orleans, however, where there is no doubt that the carnival is successful, certainly affords in a large measure the conditions which are insisted upon by the people who find out the reasons of things. Rex finds there an ardent people and a warm sky, and moves, though it is midwinter, amid roses and jasmines that are in bloom. There is French blood a plenty, with a dash of the Spanish, and the German has come in of late with his strong aptness for picturesque design.

Rex took his subjects for representation this year from SCOTT'S novel *Ivanhoe*. Successive wagons presented tableaux of Robin Hood and his Merry Men; the Meeting of Bois-Guilbert and Prior Aymer with Gurth and Wamba in the Wood; the Supper in the Hall of Cedric the Saxon; the Passage at Arms at Ashby between Ivanhoe and Bois-Guilbert; Lady Rowena as the Queen of Love and Beauty; the Meeting of Richard of the Lion's Heart and Friar Tuck; the Torture of Isaac of York; the Abduction of Rebecca by Bois-Guilbert; the Resurrection of the Noble Athelstane; the Wedding of the Lady Rowena and Ivanhoe; and other incidents of the story. Rex himself, having the Exposition in mind, appeared as King of the Industries, and was attended by female figures representing Agriculture, Trade, Navigation, and Mining. The picture on page 156 represents the procession passing the CLAY statue.

## THE COMING RIG FOR ICE-YACHTS.

THE town of Poughkeepsie, in this State, occupies the proud position of the world's headquarters for ice-yachting. Otherwise she is merely the capital of Dutchess County, and the largest town on the Hudson between New York and Albany. She owns a worthy rival in Red Bank, New Jersey, as regards ice-yachting, but thus far she retains the challenge pennant, and holds, not without reason, that her yacht-owners have made better time "over the ground," as the sailors say, in the way of actual speed, than have any other living men, for the ice-yacht is the fleetest of all known vehicles.

"Swift as the wind," quotha! Why, when the ice-yacht is, from stress of circumstances, forced to run as slowly as the wind, her skipper resorts to an ingenious expedient to outstrip it. When he has the wind abeam, he has naught to do but keep his sheet well trimmed in, and with a steady hand on the tiller, he flies faster and faster, till the wind that drives him is beaten at its own trade. This wonderful performance first attracted the attention of scientific persons a few years ago, and several able mathematicians promptly demonstrated its impossibility; but when yachts had repeatedly outsailed fast express trains on the New York Central Railroad there arose a suspicion that the mathematicians were wrong and the yachtsmen right.

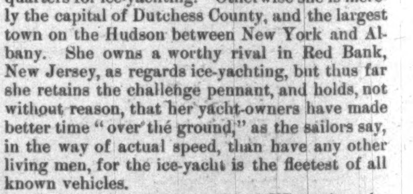


FIG. 1.

It is now universally admitted that a yacht does go faster than the wind that drives it, under favorable conditions, and the reason has been explained in various ways. Perhaps the simplest is this: Suppose yourself looking down from aloft upon an ice-yacht under way, the wind blowing in the direction of the arrow marked E, and the yacht moving in the direction of those marked F, F. Her sail will appear as a mere line, B D. For convenience, let the dotted line D C represent the yacht. Now if, while the wind is passing over a distance equal to B C, it drives the yacht over a distance equal to C D, the thing is done. In general terms this is what actually occurs. The yacht having once attained headway, the friction of her runners is so slight that it may be disregarded altogether, and the wind pressure upon her canvas is continually adding an impetus, from which she can not escape until she goes so fast that she makes a lee for herself.

The great annual event of the winter, namely, the challenge race with the yachts from the rival clubs of the Shrewsbury River, New Jersey, came off over the regular Poughkeepsie course on Tuesday, February 17. In preparation for it all the flyers had been put in perfect order, and the trial of a new rig was anticipated by all hands with great curiosity. This was a lateen, as shown in the illustration. The ordinary rig heretofore used is the jib and mainsail, and the objection to it is that there is a supposed loss of power from the fact that the sail is divided, the jib possibly holding the wind a little, or perhaps reacting adversely on the mainsail: theories and authorities differ.

Obviously, however, a tightly set lateen would do away with these supposed defects, but there must be a mast specially contrived to meet the requirements of the case. Any one can understand that with the wind pressing the canvas against an ordinary mast, a depression would be formed in the fore part of the sail. The mast is therefore made in two parts and set up like a pair of dividers, with the sail suspended between them, and strained as taut as possible by means of powerful purchase-halyards. Technically this is known as a "sheer" mast, and has been used on sailing boats, as described by Dixon Kemp. On ice-yachts, however, it has never been tried until the present season.

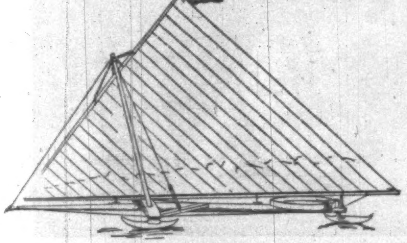


FIG. 2.

Two yachts have now been constructed on this plan, namely, *Scud* and *Ariel*. The first-named belongs to Mr. James R. Weaver, of the Shrewsbury Club, and the other to Mr. Archibald Rogers, of the Poughkeepsie Club. The drawing gives a general idea of the appearance of both yachts, though they differ in size and in certain peculiarities of construction, *Scud* spreading six hundred square feet of canvas in her sail, while *Ariel* spreads only two hundred.

The *Ariel* for some reason did not enter for the race. Indeed, nothing has been made public concerning her trial trips. The *Scud*, of which such great things were anticipated by the Shrewsbury men, was badly beaten, the *Northern Light*, of the Poughkeepsie club, winning handsomely. There was not enough wind for the *Scud* to show her capacities for speed, and she was practically out of the race before the first stake was turned. Challenges have passed, however, between Mr. Weaver and Dr. Barron, of the *Northern Light*, looking to another race should the ice remain in condition, and the wind be high enough to guarantee a race inside of a limited time. This proviso, of course, presupposes a very high wind, in which the Shrewsbury men believe their representative to be invincible.

## THE EAST AT NEW ORLEANS.

Ichizo Hattorō, the gentleman commissioned by the Japanese government to take charge of its excellent educational exhibit, surprised me less by stating that the publications of Harper & Brothers are widely known in Japan than he did by giving me unquestionable proof that the universities and schools of his country are not at all behind our own. The list of original scientific works by Japanese scholars, and of scientific text-books, histories, works of reference, translated from the English, French, and German into Japanese, and including writings of Spencer, Thomson, Anderson, Thorpe, and many American writers on education, is absolutely amazing. Much of this translating has, of course, been done by order of the government, but many foreign works of a costly and exhaustive character owe their existence in Japan to the noble enterprise of private individuals or the liberality of literary societies. No just idea of the extent of Japanese educational literature could be readily obtained without some inspection of the many catalogues devoted to it, but the mere fact that twenty well-sustained Japanese magazines and reviews of an educational or scientific character are on exhibition only as specimens of a much larger periodical literature will be found significant. Among these publications may be mentioned a fine arts magazine (*Dai Nippon Bijitsu Shimpo*), a magazine of engineering (*Chingai Kogio Shimpo*), a pharmaceutical journal (*Yakugaku Zasshi*), a mathematical review (*Sunrishoin Geppo*), a law periodical (*Horitsu Zasshi*), a medical journal (*Tokio Iji Shinsi*), a magazine devoted wholly to statistics (*Tokei Shinshi*), the official review of the Tokio Geographical Society, and two educational and several literary monthlies. The work of the Japanese press compares favorably with that of the United States government printing-office; and I observed that in scientific books Latin technical terms are usually printed in English letters, producing a very interesting contrast.

The barest enumeration of the specimens of calligraphy, drawing, painting, embroidery, modelling in clay, done by pupils of the Japanese public and industrial schools, the most condensed list of the scientific instruments, the maps, the charts, the school-books, the Kindergarten toys, the school furniture, the models or photographs of universities and school buildings, would fill several columns. I will only dwell upon one object shown me by the Japanese Commissioner, which surprised me exceedingly—an anatomical manikin. No doubt the reader is familiar with those wonderful anatomical figures intended for the use of medical students who find it difficult to obtain "subjects," or real cadavers. Such a manikin represents a human body with every internal detail possible to discover by perfect dissection; all the structure of the organs, the arterial, venous, nervous, and muscular systems, all the integuments and attachments and processes, are imitated even in regard to peculiarity of color and surface aspect, and the whole is so contrived that it may be all taken to pieces in layers or sections, enabling the student to study any particular part almost as thoroughly as though he had a veritable corpse under his scalpel. Hitherto the best of these models have been manufactured in Paris. But Kitagawi Senji, artist of the medical department of the Tokio University, having been commissioned to make such a manikin for the use of certain classes of students, is said to have succeeded in surpassing the best work of the kind executed in Paris, and the admirable result of his labors is now on exhibition. His manikin consists of more than one hundred pieces in papier-maché, jointed together by mechanical devices of novel simplicity, and colored with deceptive skill. Except for the evident fact that the features are those of a Japanese, not of a European, few visitors could suspect that such work had been produced in a Tokio university. Quite as remarkable are sundry anatomical models designed by the same artificer for obstetric demonstration. Each part of the manikin and other models bears a number, and an exhaustive book of reference, containing 350 pages, 16mo, can be consulted for the name and explanation corresponding to each number. The book forms a sort of condensed treatise of demonstrative anatomy, and is printed in both English and Japanese, the Latin technical term in English letters being followed in the same line by the Japanese ideographic text. At present these medical curiosities are hidden away in the Commissioner's cozy private office, which is hung with Japanese tapestries representing birds and flowers in gold, silver, and various metallic colors upon a sombre splendor of black or purple silk. The minute exquisiteness of this embroidery challenges examination. But the actual workmanship is less interesting than the spirited grace of the design, the fighting storks become startling when the tapestry quivers.

The Chinese exhibit is essentially a cotton display, yet there is certainly nothing in the Main Building more unique and more attractive to even the unpractical observer. It is a veritable industrial museum that has been transported hither from the Yellow Empire, and not a mere exhibition of fibres, textile fabrics, and machinery; the whole processes of ginning, weaving, dyeing, are illustrated by models, including perfectly executed figures of Chinese artisans and laborers at work. The roof of the little dye-house has been removed to enable us to examine every detail of the busy interior, with its half-naked workmen. Blue cotton tunics and loose trousers of the same material are hanging up to dry after their bath in the vats. The figures of weavers and spinners and tailors in another division are life-size, and perfect in realism; the nude yellow torso of one spinner glistens with mock perspiration. Elsewhere may be seen beautiful models of cotton junks with their bat-wing sails bellying as if under a good breeze, their crews in all the attitudes of sailor duty, and ramparts of huge, clumsy, rope-bound cotton bales piled up around the bulwarks, something after the same fashion that Mississippi cotton boats are freighted. Of course the industrial importance of the Chinese looms can be fully appreciated only when we understand something about the utilization of their products, and the authors of this display have consequently presented us with a delightful exhibition of Chinese popular costume, into the fabrication of which cotton enters so largely. Here is a pretty widow in full mourning, robed all in white, like a ghost, and wearing white flowers in her hair. Near her stands a Buddhist priest in yellow vestments; he has a sleek, contented, kindly face, and his black cap bears a remarkable resemblance to the Romish *berretta*. And here is a happy Chinese mother rocking her baby in a cradle of bamboo. Before the portals of a little temple two life-size figures are seated—a mandarin and his wife. He is clad in full official costume; she wears her flowered wedding robes, and her poor little stumps of feet, shod with exquisite slippers of satin, protrude from ruffled silken pantaloons like the extremities of a doll. Further on we see actors and soldiers in Tartar garb gorgeous enough for the Khans of the Golden Horde. All these figures mimic life by their attitude, expression, and excellent coloring. Under their curved shoes are Chinese mattings; above them are Chinese roofs with eaves tilted up like the brim of a hat, and fin-like serrations along the edges. At either side of the main entrance is a great vase, covered from lips to base with complex designs in partial relief, and enamelled in divers colors. In general effect of coloration the display is strictly Chinese; the dominating tone is yellow—bright yellow, the sacred and cosmogonic color according to Chinese belief. When the Master of heaven deigns to write, He writes with yellow ink only, save when He takes the lightning for His brush to trace a white sentence of destruction. So, at least, we are told in the book called *Kan-ing p'ien*—the "Book of Rewards and Punishments," which further describes the writing of God as being in *tchouen*—those antique "seal-characters" now rarely seen except in jewel-engraving, signatures stamped on works of art, or inscriptions upon monuments—those primitive ideographic characters dating back perhaps to that age of which we have no historic record, but of which Chinese architecture, with its strange peaks and curves, offers us more than a suggestion—the great Nomad Era.

Lafcadio Hearn.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The story is told of a member of the astronomy class in Columbia College, that while scanning the heavens with a telescope one night recently he came across a most astonishing and fiery object. He flattered himself for a little while that a wonderful new planet had swum into his ken; but the professor in charge recognized the apparition as the Hell Gate electric light.

A correspondent of the London *Standard* writes of the recent discovery in Rome of the graves of four distinguished historical personages. The graves are those of Cnejus Pompejus, nephew of Pompey the Great; his brothers, Marcus Sicinius Crassus, murdered by order of Nero, and Piso Sicinianus, murdered by order of the Emperor Otho; and Verania Germina, daughter of the consul Quintus Veranius. Roman archæologists are astonished that the epitaph on the tomb of Cnejus Pompejus expressly mentions the Emperor Claudius as his murderer.

The Yale *News* says that the new system of athletics has afforded an outlet for the superfluous spirits of college under-graduates, and that the old rows between "town and gown" have ceased in consequence.

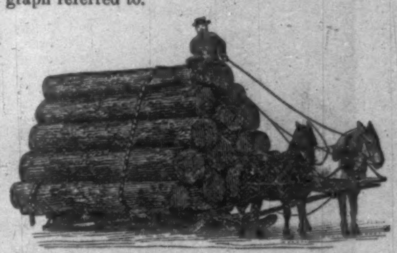
A druggist's clerk in the town of Waterbury, Connecticut, was aroused from his sleep recently by a noise in a neighboring drawer. He surmised that the noise was made by rats, and went to sleep again. Next morning he opened the drawer, and found a fresh rat-skin turned completely inside out, and cleaned as neatly as though a skilled taxidermist had had it in hand. It was the work of a weasel.

Physicians advised a citizen of New Haven to send his ailing boy to Florida. Instead, the father built a conservatory over the kitchen, induced his boy to spend six or seven hours each day there in the sunshine, and the lad is almost well.

What a correspondent of the St. Louis *Republican* safely describes as "a rather singular incident" occurred not long ago in Arkansas. A negro in attempting to cross the Tyronza River fell from his mule and was drowned. When his body was discovered, after three days, the local justice of the peace held an inquest in his capacity as coroner, discovered a pistol on the body, fined the body $50 for carrying concealed weapons, and confiscated mule and pistol to pay the fine.

Mr. Thulstrup writes us in relation to his striking and interesting page illustration of "Logging in Wisconsin": "In respect to the criticism which has been elicited by my drawing I may say that it does not wholly surprise me. The spectacle of a full load on a sled is as astonishing in the reality as it has seemed incredible in the illustration. I send a photograph of a loaded sled, a tracing of which would, I think, re-assure the readers who have called my drawing in question. I may add, with all proper deference to intelligent criticism, that it is just a little hazardous to call an artist names upon a provocation which exists only in his critic's misinformation. T. de T."

We append an outline engraving of the photograph referred to.



The University of Cairo, in Egypt, said to be nine hundred years older than Oxford, has ten thousand students who are being educated as Mohammedan missionaries.

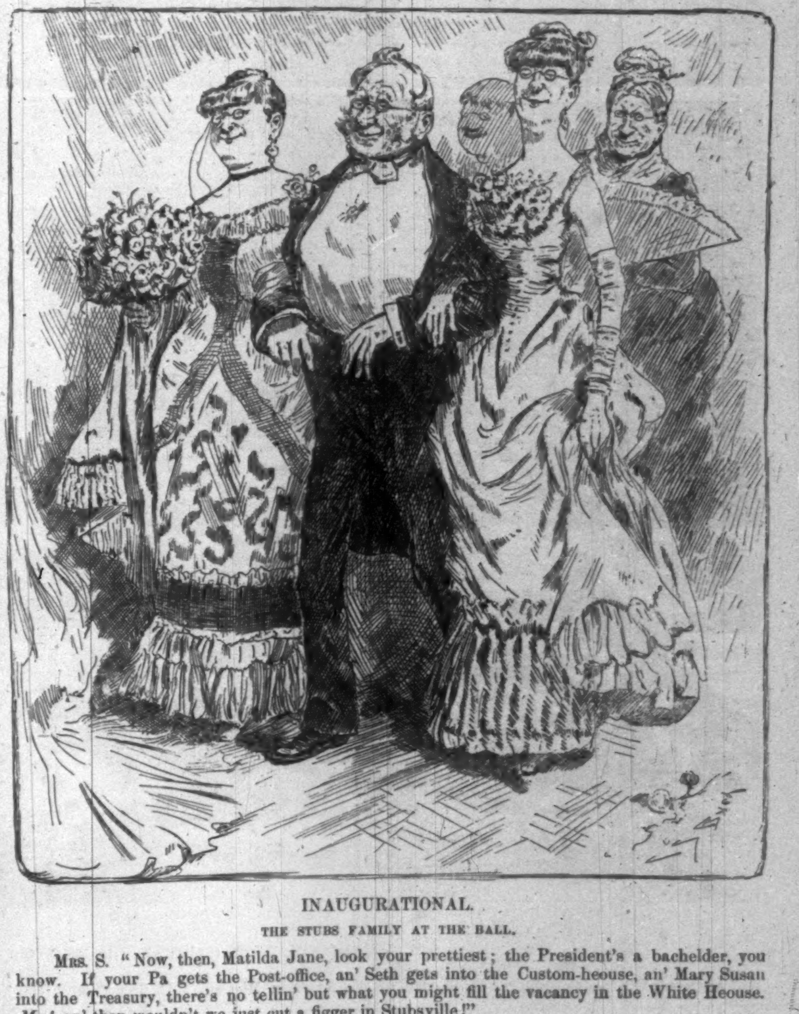
In the present Congress one Senator and thirteen Representatives are graduates of Harvard, and two members of the cabinet, Secretaries Lincoln and Chandler, are Harvard men. Princeton has two graduates in the Senate, six in the House, and Attorney-General Brewster in the cabinet.

There are thirty-one colored students in the Yale Freshman Class. Seven are studying law, eleven divinity, and thirteen medicine.

The Columbia Juniors had the choice of reading the "Faerie Queene" or "Paradise Lost," and chose the latter by a large majority.

The boat crew of the University of Pennsylvania have gone into training, with Ellis Ward as coach.

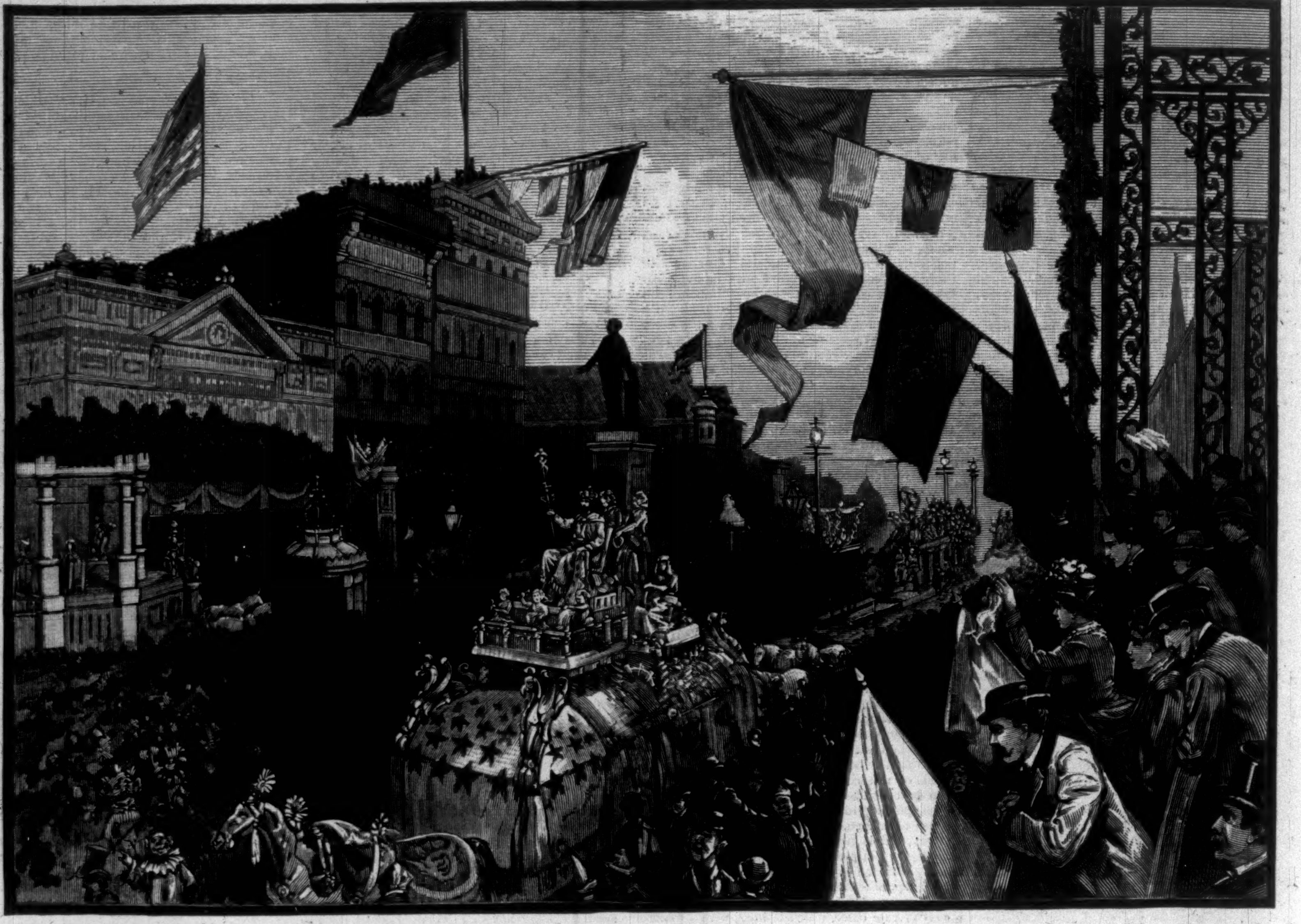
The question arises whether the London 'bus driver is altogether happy because he has the reputation of being a picturesque figure. He is obliged to work sixteen hours a day, like the New York car driver, and gets only four quarter-hours for meals. Maybe he feels that he has no time to be dissatisfied with his lot, and therefore does not attempt to be.



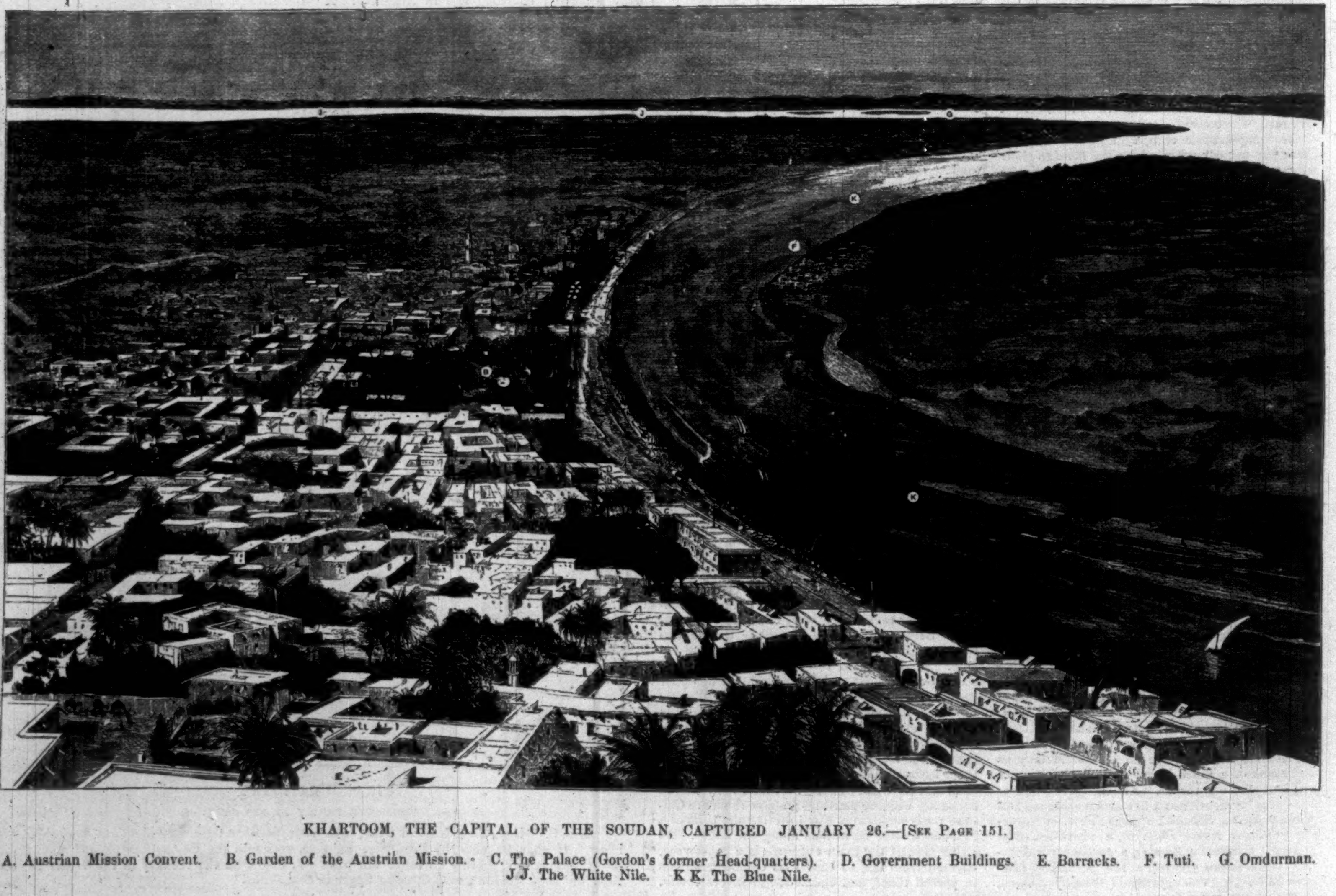
INAUGURATIONAL.

THE STUBS FAMILY AT THE BALL.

Mrs. S. "Now, then, Matilda Jane, look your prettiest; the President's a bachelder, you know. If your Pa gets the Post-office, an' Seth gets into the Custom-heouse, an' Mary Susan into the Treasury, there's no tellin' but what you might fill the vacancy in the White Heouse. *My!* an' then wouldn't we just cut a figger in Stubsville!"

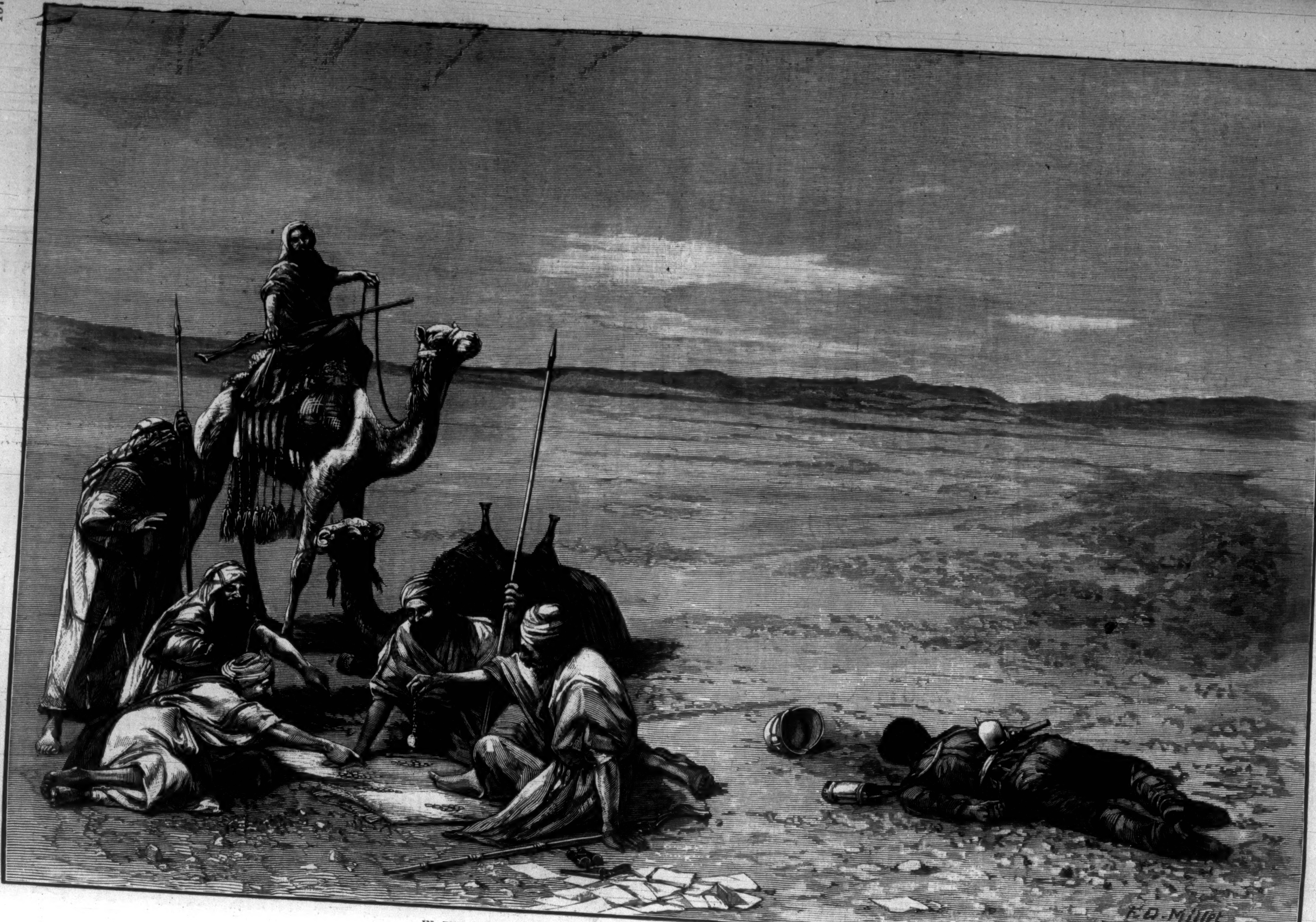


THE CARNIVAL AT NEW ORLEANS.—Drawn by John Durkin.—[See Page 154.]



KHARTOOM, THE CAPITAL OF THE SOUDAN, CAPTURED JANUARY 26.—[See Page 151.]

A. Austrian Mission Convent. B. Garden of the Austrian Mission. C. The Palace (Gordon's former Head-quarters). D. Government Buildings. E. Barracks. F. Tuti. G. Omdurman. J J. The White Nile. K K. The Blue Nile.



IN THE SOUDAN.—"ONLY A CORRESPONDENT."—DRAWN BY F. D. MILLET.—[SEE PAGE 151.]

## A SHAM BATTLE IN BROOKLYN.

**The** militia of New York State to-day recall only by contrast those earlier citizen soldiers of a neighboring State who are represented by Mr. Hosea Biglow as hurrying in out of the wet, without the most remote regard to discipline, in order to save their clothes. The New York militia have undergone considerable discipline of late years. They have learned to shoot, for one thing, and that is an accomplishment that was so remote from the American militiaman of a generation back (in this neighborhood at least) that to accuse him even of such marksmanship as would be required to hit a barn door at a distance of twelve paces would be set down as most malicious and extravagant irony. For another thing, the current National Guardsman has learned to be a soldier out-of-doors. The State camp has taught him this. He has become acquainted there with all that is implied in turning out at drum tap, taking rations as the State serves them, doing sentry work in a thunder-storm, digging ditches, and running up-hill in the sun with the thermometer at 120°.

Heretofore, however, the citizen soldier has done his out-door work almost altogether in the summer. Out-door work at that season is probably about as severe as anything he could be subjected to; but the suggestion was recently made that he should have a touch of winter discipline as well, and the manœuvres which took place in Prospect Park, in Brooklyn, on February 23, were ordered in consequence.

Elements of humor must always attach more or less to a sham battle. It is human to want to laugh when you are quite certain that the cartridges are blank. The louder a bang is, the funnier, provided it is innocuous. All the same, the troops who took part in the mimic fight at Prospect Park did nobly. There were 2500 of them, dressed in sky-blue overcoats and light marching uniform. It was fine cold weather, and the ground was white with snow. The army of observation which encircled the field outnumbered the army of action by fourteen or fifteen to one. The operations were conducted on the Long Meadow, where, a little more than one hundred and seven years ago, in the war of the Revolution, 400 men from Maryland and Delaware exchanged bullets and cannon-balls with a little army of Hessians.

In the sham battle of February 23 the citizen soldiers fired 50,000 rounds of blank cartridges in their rifles, and 150 rounds of three-quarter-pound charges caused lightning and thunder to issue from the sombre muzzles of six brass howitzers. The troops composed the Third and Fourth Brigades of the Second Division of the National Guard. One thousand soldiers of the Thirteenth and Fourteenth regiments and the Seventeenth Separate Company, commanded by Brigadier-General Christiansen, were attacked by 1500 soldiers of the Twenty-third, Thirty-second, and Forty-seventh regiments, commanded by General Brownell. Considerable amusement was caused by a line of skirmishers, who, wishing to retreat, found the crowd of spectators an almost impenetrable obstacle, and were enabled to accomplish their purpose at last only with the assistance of the police. The manœuvres afforded a fine spectacle, however, and were of undoubted value to those who took part in them.

## HUNTING WILD TURKEYS.

**The** following letter, apropos of Mr. Gaston Fay's recent article on this subject, comes to us from an old sportsman in Silverton, Colorado:

"To your most interesting and instructive article on the wild turkey, in Harper's Weekly, I beg to be allowed to make one correction, viz., 'Our Southern woods, for it is there only that the few surviving flocks of wild turkeys can be found.' Throughout extreme southeastern Colorado and northwestern New Mexico, along the Rio San Juan and its tributaries, on the reservations of the Jiccarilla Apaches and Los Pinos, or southern Utes, wherever among the low sandy hills that the piñon, whortleberry, service-berry (American shad-bush) are found, they are most abundant; in fact, far more than ever, in my own recollection, the 'brush' counties of Missouri, the 'nobs' of Kentucky, or the 'piny hills' along Red River in Louisiana could show, and I have hunted them in each of these places. By the law of Colorado they are protected forever, save to the professional taxidermist and the Indian, who, as probably you know, is exempt from all law; but to a native Kentuckian on the border of New Mexico and Arizona, the boundary line between us conveniently broad, *their* statutes unknown, it is sport too rare to be missed, and the past eight autumns have found me among them. Unlike the negroes of the South, neither the Indians nor Mexicans hunt them, for the simple reason that they can not with any degree of success, the 'emblematic bird' being much too wary and rapid for them, and this notwithstanding it is the highest-priced game in our markets.

"After a rain or snow sufficient to silence the terrific musketry of the 'scrub' oak caused by even the most careful creeping through it, they can be tracked to within Creedmoor range and sight, then, by the way you so well describe, to killing distance.

"I have seen as many as forty in a flock, and once by remarkable 'luck' and by 'legitimate methods' I killed five; this was done, however, with a shot-gun instead of a rifle, which I generally use. It is almost needless to add that far oftener I have returned empty-handed after a hard day's hunt, fully equipped with everything but luck.

"On a turkey range here, with my hunting companions, to bring a deer into camp in the evening explains failure of the chase, and, whatever the story told, is regarded as a poor excuse.

"Your patience still remaining, I might also disagree with you on the comparative beauty of brilliant plumage between the wild and 'barn-yard' fowl. If indeed it be a 'popular fallacy,' I imagine it born of ignorance rather than upon discriminating taste; for while admitting the superior excellence of the meat of the domestic, and a sportsman's bias to the wild bird, I can at the same time defy the world to produce anything handsomer in feathers than the wild turkey gobbler. To me, at least, one might as well compare a clipper ship to a lugger, or a thorough-bred to a plough horse, on the mere question of looks. A very ideal of beauty, symmetry, and freedom, an effect in copper, bronze, and gold beyond imitation or comparison. J. H. P. Voorhees."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,
A VALUABLE REMEDY FOR GRAVEL.

Dr. T. H. Newland, Jr., St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have used it in diseases of the urinary organs, such as gravel, and particularly spermatorrhœa, with very good results, and think it a very valuable remedy in those diseases."—[*Adv.*]

I HAD A DREADFUL COUGH,
And raised a considerable amount of blood and matter; besides, I was very thin, and so weak I could scarcely go about the house. This was the case of a man with consumption arising from liver complaint. He recovered his health *completely* by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Thousands of others bear similar testimony.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.
Throat Diseases commence with a Cold, Cough, or over-fatiguing the voice. These symptoms are allayed by the use of "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" *Sold only in boxes.* Price 25 cents.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE,
The Best and Cheapest Hair Dressing. It kills dandruff, allays irritation, and promotes a vigorous growth of the Hair. Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are invariably acknowledged the purest and best.—[*Adv.*]

Best quality Alaska Seal-skin garments, English dressed, newest styles, prices marked down. C. C. Shayne, M'f'r, 103 Prince St. Send for Ill'd Price-List.—[*Adv.*]

They must be used. Dr. Young's Patent Electric Belts. A sure cure for Nervous Debility, Weakness of Body and Mind, &c. Write for pamphlet, free. Dr. P. Young, 445 Canal Street, N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
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**Under** the direction of the New York State Board of Health, eighty-four different kinds of baking-powders, embracing all the brands that could be found for sale in the State, were submitted to examination and analysis by Prof. C. F. Chandler, a Member of the State Board, and President of the New York City Board of Health, assisted by Prof. Edward G. Love, the well-known late United States Government chemist.

The official report shows that a large number of the powders examined were found to contain alum or lime; many of them to such an extent as to render them seriously objectionable for use in the preparation of human food.

Alum was found in twenty-nine samples. This drug is employed in baking-powders to cheapen their cost. The presence of lime is attributed to the impure cream of tartar of commerce used in their manufacture. Such cream of tartar was also analyzed and found to contain lime and other impurities, in some samples to the extent of 93 per cent. of their entire weight.

All the baking-powders of the market, with the single exception of "Royal" (not including the alum and phosphate powders, which were long since discarded as unsafe or inefficient by prudent housekeepers) are made from the impure cream of tartar of commerce, and consequently contain lime to a corresponding extent.

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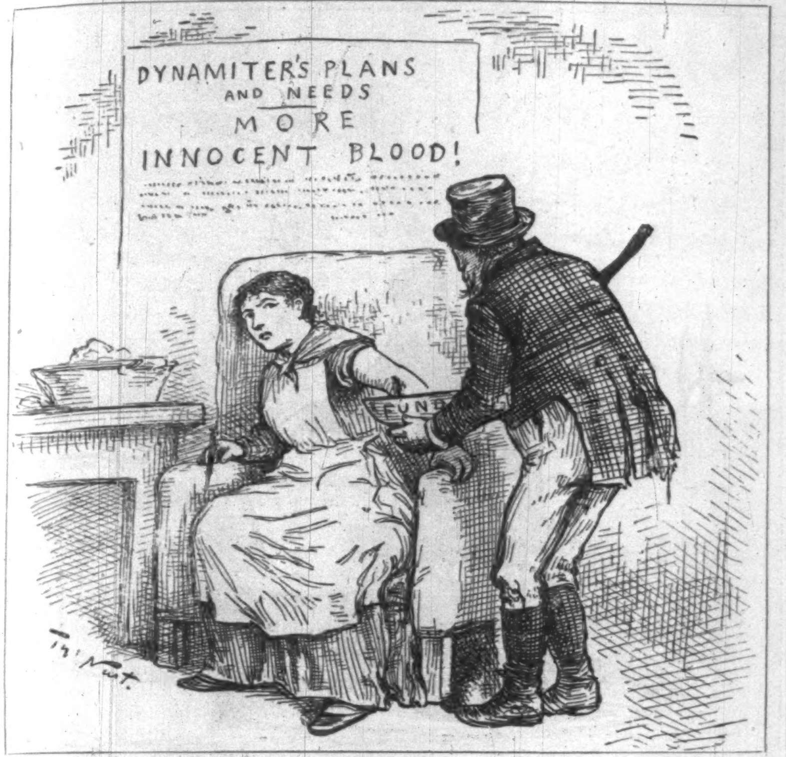
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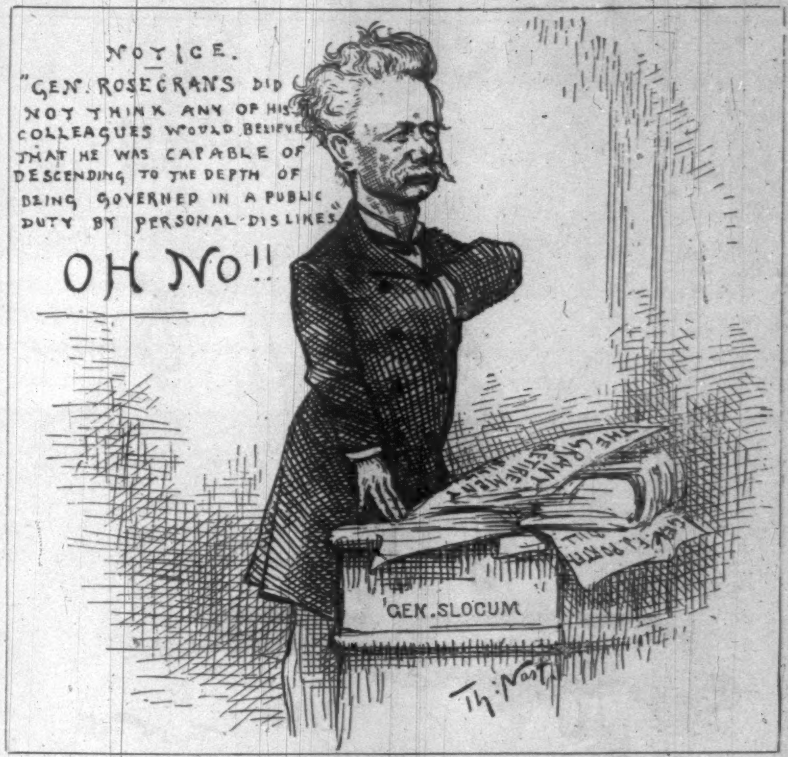
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